

THE
COUNT DE SANTERRE:

A ROMANCE.

BY A LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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COUNT DE SANTERRE:

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CHAP. I.

Where ruin'd shrines in Gothick grandeur stood,
The thistle and the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turret wave their trembling heads.

CUNNINGHAM.

DESCENDING one of the most romantic hills in Savoy, which in some degree seems to emulate the neighbouring Alps, the eye is presented with a beautiful and fertile valley, through which a considerable river winds its various course; sometimes dashing over the great rocks that impede it, with the noise and force of a

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cataract, and sometimes extending into long and unbroken pools, whose depth gives to the water a dark shade, agreeably contrasted by the white foam that the current bears rapidly over its surface. The banks of this stream are diversified by low pastures, steep hills crowned with woods, and masses of barren rock; the clefts of which afford a scanty vegetation to a few gloomy pines and larches of immense size and antiquity, with patches of Alpine flowers and aromattick plants. At one place you had all the smiling fertility of Burgundy and the Lyonois; and at another, at almost the same moment, the scenery recalled to mind the tremendous beauty and wild grandeur of the forest-clad Apennine.

Near the head of the valley, on a small eminence, surrounded by woods, and fronting the south, stands the ancient and once magnificent abbey of St. Austin. Of its

its former grandeur, in the year 17.. few vestiges remain, but enough to shew what, in the times of monastick splendour and indulgence, it had once been. Except the chapel, which occupied the east aisle, and had probably in latter years been sometimes frequented for the purposes of devotion or sepulture, it was entirely unroofed, and in many places of the mouldering walls wide chasms had already opened, and the mantling ivy alone prevented the tottering fabrick from yielding to the force of the blasts that descended from the mountains, and waved the lonely heads of those plants that thrive in old buildings. The middle tower (for the edifice was in the form of a cross) was even then compleat, and with its heavy battlements seemed to frown on all beneath. That part of the fabrick which bore the most striking traces of the desolating hand of time, was what had once been the cloisters and refectory:

fectory: in these the owl and bat had long reigned unrivalled, except by the raven, that in the evening twilight flitted among the ruins, which, from the vaults beneath them, echoed in answer to his hoarse cries, and the melancholy hooting of the bird of night.

About a quarter of a mile lower down, and close to the bank of the stream, is a venerable chateau, in far distant times the seat of power and magnificence: of the former, its mouldering turrets, heavy gateways, with the buttresses, and scarcely discernible moat, gave an idea: of the latter, its great extent, and some splendid furniture, that convenience, in defiance of fashion, permitted to remain in it, gave sufficient evidence. From its low situation, its casements could command only a very confined prospect; but from the terraces the views were enchanting. On three sides they were bounded by the high

high hills, which closed in the valley; on the fourth the landscape was extended several miles to the opposite borders of a lake, into which the stream, soon after it passed the chateau, fell with prodigious violence, foaming its tranquil waters.

In one wing of the solitary chateau just mentioned, resided the family of PIERRE ARNAU DE LUSIGNAN, who had some years before retired from Paris, where he could no longer live in the dissipated stile to which he had been accustomed, and taking with him into seclusion, the thought of never having, during many years of prosperity, performed a single action the remembrance of which could console him for the waste of time, or give him one self-approving thought in the solitude which his vices compelled him to submit to.

His wife, the companion of his retreat, was of the RETEL family, and derived from fortune, birth and riches: from nature,

ture, only beauty and vivacity. Little prodigal as the latter had been of her favours, MARIA might have been a pleasing, though never a valuable member of society; but, captivated by the manly graces and insinuating manners of DE LUSIGNAN, she gave him her hand; when her reason, had she possessed the faculty of exerting it, would have told her his heart was unworthy of her's. As her family very much disapproved of LUSIGNAN when her lover, they were highly incensed at the glaring imprudence of her marriage, and totally renounced her: and thus, as is too often the case, though the retrieval of the step she had taken was impossible, it hastened the ruin which might otherwise have been prevented. The weak MARIA soon found that her fortune was becoming the prey of the profligate gamester; and her beauty was slighted, because no longer new.

Love

Love without esteem is never lasting; and Madame was as incapable of feeling; as LUSIGNAN was of inspiring, that tender regard which is as unchanegable as it is delightful. To hate was not in her nature; and though she must have lost every tender sentiment for her husband, she retained that kind of passive respect and obedience which results from fear and distrust. The conduct of LUSIGNAN inspired both: he was gloomy, imperious, and at times fierce and irascible. Those dispositions increased as his patrimony wasted; and at length he and his unhappy wife were forced to bid adieu to Paris and its gaieties, and retire to Loncilles, which one of their friends afforded them as an asylum in their distresses. At the time of their retreat, the bounty of the same friend who had lent them the chateau, enabled them to place their only child, then about six years of age, at a

convent near Lyons, where she was instructed in every accomplishment which can ornament a woman.

The little ELINOR had soon as many friends as there were members in the community. But one in particular, called in the convent Sister OLIVIA, was more partial to her than the rest.

This lady had been many years in the society, and had created universal interest and good-will in the minds of the sisterhood. At the time of her profession she was in the prime of youth, but to appearance a prey to severe and incurable sorrow. Time had mellowed the acuteness of her sufferings and the anguish of her looks, leaving only a touching melancholy in her beautiful features, and a certain unassuming pensiveness of manner that excited at once sympathy and friendship; while at times fits of absence, and a wildness of air and voice bordering on insanity,

nity, gave birth to pity for the sorrows that had unsettled her intellects, and did not make her an object of less tender consideration.

“How beautiful,” said Mademoiselle de FAYOLLES, a young novice, to the good abbess, “how interesting is the countenance of Madame OLIVIA; and how sweetly mingled, in her lovely features, the calmness of devotion with the expression of sorrow!”

‘It is not only in her face,’ said the abbess, ‘but in her mind, that one observes that charming resignation in sorrows that might well deprive her of her reason.’ Mademoiselle de FAYOLLES enquired what those sorrows were, and the abbess replied in these words:

‘When first our sister OLIVIA came hither, some general idea of her disastrous story was given me; and though since she has never spoken of it, nor
B 5 ‘have

‘ have the circumstances of her life ever
 ‘ been mentioned, yet, as well as I re-
 ‘ member, I will relate them.

‘ OLIVIA DE RIVIERA was born in
 ‘ Lisbon, and is descended from one of
 ‘ the first families in Portugal. She was,
 ‘ with her brother ALBERT DE RIVIERA,
 ‘ left when both young to the guardian-
 ‘ ship of a relation of their own, the Baron
 ‘ de RONÇAN, a nobleman, who was in-
 ‘ debted to the most detestable of all vices,
 ‘ hypocrisy, for the concealment of every
 ‘ other that could disgrace human na-
 ‘ ture. He had some years before re-
 ‘ ceived into his family, an orphan heir-
 ‘ ess, who now enjoyed great pleasure in
 ‘ the introduction of her young cousins,
 ‘ OLIVIA and ALBERT.

‘ CLARA DE MONTAUBAN was ami-
 ‘ able, handsome, and accomplished; and
 ‘ in the youthful RIVIERA she soon found
 ‘ a lover, in whose favour she experienced
 ‘ sensations

' sensations almost as impassioned as those
 ' he felt for her. CLARA was too artless
 ' long to conceal from her guardian her
 ' attachment to her cousin, which he, with
 ' much shew of reason, positively disap-
 ' proved, from the inequality of their
 ' fortunes.

' It seems that the Sieur de MONTAU-
 ' BAN, grandfather to CLARA, had two
 ' sisters; the eldest of whom, CATHERINE,
 ' espoused the Portuguese General de
 ' RIVIERA; and the youngest the Baron
 ' de RONÇAN. CATHERINE had many
 ' children, the youngest of whom, AL-
 ' BERT and OLIVIA, only survived her.
 ' The Baronefs had but one, a son, born
 ' in the first year of her marriage; and he
 ' was now become guardian to his cousins.
 ' The Sieur de MONTAUBAN so ordered
 ' it in his will, that in case of failure in
 ' his own issue, and that of DONNA CA-
 ' THERINE DE RIVIERA, the Baron de
 ' RONÇAN

' RONÇAN was to inherit his vast estates.
 ' This arrangement was not, however, ge-
 ' nerally known, and no person censured
 ' the Baron for sending ALBERT to join
 ' the army in Portugal, and forbidding
 ' CLARA writing to him, or even naming
 ' him. Considering too that her attach-
 ' ment was not likely to be conquered, so
 ' long as the sister of her lover was her
 ' constant companion, he placed OLIVIA
 ' in a convent on the borders of Spain,
 ' and then took Mademoiselle de MON-
 ' TAUBAN to a chateau he possessed in a
 ' distant province. Though the young
 ' friends had at parting agreed to corre-
 ' spond, no letters passed between them
 ' for six months; and OLIVIA then heard,
 ' from report, that CLARA had given her
 ' hand to the Baron, and in a few months
 ' more the news of her death reached her.
 ' The unhappy ALBERT heard at the same
 ' time of the marriage and dissolution of
 ' the

‘ the woman he adored. Stung with rage,
 ‘ jealousy, and sorrow, he flew to the con-
 ‘ vent of his sister, and there had the mad-
 ‘ dening intelligence confirmed; and then,
 ‘ to avenge himself on the destroyer of his
 ‘ happiness, he commenced a suit against
 ‘ him, as nearest relative, for stealing and
 ‘ marrying an heiress whilst yet a minor.
 ‘ The cause was brought into the courts
 ‘ at Paris, where the Baron asserted that
 ‘ CLARA had never been married to him:
 ‘ he brought a person to prove this, who
 ‘ was at the time of some respectability
 ‘ and fortune, though he was soon disco-
 ‘ vered to be devoid of principle, and
 ‘ ruined in his finances, and has not since
 ‘ been heard of.

‘ The law-suit was terminated in favour
 ‘ of the Baron, and ALBERT took posses-
 ‘ sion of her estates.

‘ But the possession of wealth could not
 ‘ restore to the noble Portuguese the
 ‘ peace

' peace he had lost: and though he not
 ' long after married ANNE of AUBIGNÉ,
 ' a young French lady, CLARA was ever
 ' remembered by him with the most poig-
 ' nant regret. Still continuing to serve
 ' in the army, he was often observed to
 ' seek death, and was killed in battle seven
 ' months after his marriage, leaving his
 ' widow with child. To the gentle ANNE,
 ' always delicate, this shock proved fatal:
 ' it brought on premature labour, and she
 ' lived only to give birth to a daughter,
 ' which, with her last breath, she desired
 ' might be commended to the care of the
 ' sister of its father. OLIVIA, with an
 ' aching heart, crossed France to claim her
 ' infant charge; but on her arrival at the
 ' chateau d' Aubigné, a few leagues from
 ' hence, she learned that the little orphan
 ' had died in convulsions two days after
 ' its mother, and was buried with her.
 ' The senses of OLIVIA sunk under this
 ' complication

‘ complication of calamity, and she con-
 ‘ tinued some time in a state of absolute in-
 ‘ sanity: during which the Baron had her
 ‘ adjudged a lunatick, and deprived her of
 ‘ her whole fortune, except a small pen-
 ‘ sion, with which, on her recovery, she
 ‘ retired hither. I was not superior at
 ‘ the time, but I shall never forget the
 ‘ awful ceremony of her taking the veil.
 ‘ When first she entered the church, she
 ‘ was dressed with the utmost splendour
 ‘ by the person who attended her and sup-
 ‘ ported her feeble steps. Her face bore
 ‘ the traces of some remains of her cruel
 ‘ malady, which gave a fire to her eyes,
 ‘ that made the languor of the rest of her
 ‘ features and her whole frame more ob-
 ‘ servable and striking. When her hair
 ‘ was cut off, preparatory to her taking
 ‘ the veil, she displayed an eager fervency
 ‘ of devotion, which was incredibly affect-
 ‘ ing; so much so, that Madame de VER-
 ‘ VILLON,

‘VILLON, who supported her, fainted
‘away, and was carried from the church.

‘Thus, my child,’ continued the venerable abbess, ‘I have, to the best of my
‘power, explained the meaning of that
‘settled gloom that marks the features of
‘our dear OLIVIA.’

Mademoiselle de FAYOLLES thanked
the good lady for her relation, and retired.

CHAP. II.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin’d,
Could naught of purity display,
To emulate her mind.

GOLDSMITH.

SOON after the little LUSIGNAN came
to the convent, the partiality with which
OLIVIA beheld her became apparent in
the pains she took to form her mind and
accomplish

accomplish her manners. She would sometimes gaze on her for a few minutes with wild eagerness, and then, clasping her to her bosom, burst into tears. At first those starts of empasioned fondness used to terrify the child, and she would sob and cry; and for that reason OLIVIA became more guarded in her manner, and insensibly her conduct ceased to exhibit that flightiness that made the return of her malady seem probable.

She had the satisfaction of beholding her young charge, at seventeen, "all that the heart feels, or the eye looks for in woman." She was of the tall middle size, and the perfect grace and symmetry of her form could only be equalled by the beauty of her face. Her eyes were blue, large, and sparkling, except when the sensibility with which her mind was almost painfully endued, caused them to beam with inexpressible softness: her eye-lashes
and

and her brows were dark, her mouth and teeth pretty, and her complexion was so transparent, that the slightest emotion augmented her colour, which was ever varying with the emotions of her pure and delicate mind. A face like her's wanted not the addition of the finest light hair in the world, which, commonly bound with a ribbon, hung in a thousand shining rings on her polished forehead, and partly shaded her cheeks and bosom. At one moment her figure presented all the sportive graces painters give to the nymphs of DIANA; and the next, the sensibility of her soul glittered in her tearful eyes. Such was the exterior of the youthful ELINOR, and her mind was not unworthy of so fair a mansion.

OLIVIA, when contemplating the countenance of her lovely and interesting charge, would sometimes exclaim, "Oh! why cannot beauty and innocence be secure from
" the

“ the blights of adverse fortune, but in conclusion from that world it was formed to ornament?” One day, expressions like those were followed by a flood of tears, which ELINOR observing, took her hand, and enquired into the cause of her sorrow with a sort of anxious tenderness, evidently resulting from sympathy, not curiosity.

“ It is caused,” said OLIVIA, “ by the remembrance of one inexpressibly dear to me, who long since sought refuge from unmerited calamity in the grave. So strongly did he resemble you, that when I look in your face, I think I behold that of a beloved and long-lost brother. Look at this picture, and the likeness must, I think, strike even yourself.”

ELINOR took the miniature she offered her. It represented a young officer, in whose fine features, fire and softness were so blended, that it was difficult to tell which was prevalent.

Set in the back of this picture was one of a lady in the early bloom of youth; but there was a melancholy cast in her mild hazle eyes, and indeed in the whole contour of her very beautiful face, that unspeakably interested ELINOR: tears stole down her cheeks, and fell on the chrystal. OLIVIA took the picture from her, and kissing away the drops, "Such," she resumed, deeply sighing, "was CLARA! the companion and friend of my early years; now cold in death!"

At ELINOR's desire she now related the particulars of her strange and distressful story: and when she spoke of the defamation of the wretched CLARA, she added, with enthusiasm,—“No, CLARA! no, thou dear murdered saint! stigmatized as has been thy virgin innocence, never can my soul believe thee guilty. And thou, ALBERT, my brother!”—— Sighs choaked her utterance, and waving

ving her hand to ELINOR to leave her, she fought in prayer a restoration of that tranquillity the recollection of her griefs had disturbed.

The time now arrived when ELINOR was to bid an everlasting adieu to the peaceful retreat, where her youth had been sheltered and her virtues cultivated by friendly solicitude. LUSIGNAN came unexpectedly to fetch her from the convent. She had not seen him since, five years before, he had called to settle some arrears of her pension; and she was now flying to his arms in transport, when he checked her affectionate warmth, by a surly “pish!” and coldly saluted her cheek. Wounded to the heart by this disappointment of her tenderness, she could with difficulty restrain her tears; till having commanded her to be ready to set out on the morrow for Loncilles, he departed.

ELINOR

ELINOR then hastened to OLIVIA, and in a voice rendered almost inarticulate with weeping, she exclaimed, “ Oh! my
 “ dear, my only friend! they are going to
 “ tear me from you! I shall never see you
 “ more! Never must your poor ELINOR
 “ hope again to receive from your lips
 “ lessons of virtue, and ——.”

‘ And are those of fortitude,’ enquired OLIVIA, (who, though charmed with her artless sensibility, was aware of the folly of indulging it) ‘ and are those of fortitude, that I have given you, so soon forgotten? Moderate those transports, my dear ELINOR, nor give way to an excess of sensibility, which, if let go
 * too far, becomes not only afflictive to
 ‘ yourself, but wrong: it becomes a weakness, which ceases to be pleasing, and
 ‘ disqualifies its possessor from bearing the
 ‘ unavoidable troubles of life. Sorry as I
 ‘ am to part with you, yet it rejoices me
 ‘ to

' to behold the time arrive when my sweet
 ' ELINOR is to abandon a manner of
 ' life, in which the active virtues implanted
 ' by heaven in your mind will have no
 ' scope for exertion. A life of seclusion
 ' is, I own, safe, but not honourable;
 ' since if there be no enemy to oppose,
 ' there can be no victory. Let not ap-
 ' prehension magnify misfortunes; to suffer
 ' which you are not perhaps destined.
 ' Your prospects are at present happy.
 ' You are going to parents who have a
 ' right to your dutious affection; and
 ' therefore you must leave those who have
 ' hitherto been your only companions: but
 ' you will soon find your parents become
 ' dearer to your heart ——."

"Than those," interrupted the ami-
 able and grateful ELINOR—"than those
 "who have from infancy cherished me!
 "No: never can even a mother contest
 "my heart with you. And in the cold
 "indifference

“indifference of my father I shall only
 “more feelingly regret the benevolent
 “kindness of the good sisterhood and the
 “pious abbess.”

‘You are too vehement, my dear ELI-
 ‘NOR, and wrong your father by doubt-
 ‘ing his affection for you. New to man-
 ‘kind, you expected from him a return of
 ‘that tenderness which glowed in your
 ‘own bosom; but there are very few men
 ‘capable of tasting that lively sensibility
 ‘with which your character abounds; and
 ‘most of them would blush to acknow-
 ‘ledge a weakness so amiable.

‘Prepare then, with cheerfulness, to
 ‘depart; for, believe me, ELINOR,
 ‘though the separation from our friends
 ‘is grievous, it is one of the least of those
 ‘evils we are born to feel.

‘Suppress those emotions,’ she con-
 tinued, seeing ELINOR almost convulsed
 with weeping; ‘suppress, ere it be too
 ‘late,

‘ late, this dangerous sensibility which is
 ‘ the bane of repose; and let not your
 ‘ father have any idea that you feel re-
 ‘ luctance in obeying him, when he would
 ‘ have you reside with him, and attend the
 ‘ declining years of both your parents. For
 ‘ myself I only desire to be remembered by
 ‘ you; and should you ever want a friend,
 ‘ I will joyfully prove myself one.’

OLIVIA, spite of the philosophy she was endeavouring to inculcate, wept with her young friend; while with maternal fondness she gave her many cautions, in regard to the regulation of those feelings she had herself unconsciously contributed to add keenness to.

On the following morning, and with the most heartfelt regret, ELINOR, accompanied by LUSIGNAN, began her journey. For the first few hours her mind was too full of the parting with those she had left, to be able to converse; but at last, trying

to shake off her sorrow, she turned to address her father. Her eye met his; it was fixed on her with a kind of sullen earnestness, which was something more than repulsive: she trembled, and shrunk unconsciously, and could not command herself sufficiently to speak.

For the remainder of their journey they had little conversation; ELINOR sometimes ventured a remark on the country through which they travelled; and LUSIGNAN usually assented, in a manner that was by no means calculated to inspire cheerfulness or familiarity in the mind of his timid child. On the evening of the second day, when they began to descend the winding road into the valley of Loncilles, ELINOR could not refrain bursting into expressions of rapture.

The sun was just setting, and his rays beamed obliquely on the wood-crowned hill before them, partially gilding the ruins
of

of a circular tower that stood on its brow; while in the bottom of the valley the evening mists had begun to rise from the river, that, from the surrounding tranquillity, murmured yet more hollow than usual. The distant barking of the shepherd's curs, the tinkling sheep-bell, and the plaintive pipe of the peasant who watched them, were the only sounds that broke in on the drear silence, till ELINOR exclaimed with enthusiasm, "what an enchanting scene!" 'Tis the boundary of your future prospects,' said her father.

There was nothing in the words that should inflict pain; but ELINOR felt them strike on her heart unlike any sounds she had ever heard. Knowing but little of LUSIGNAN, and not prepared to encounter, or allow for, the habitual gloom of his temper; that, soured by misfortune, and clouded by reflection on an ill-spent life, had contracted a habit of looking only on the dark

side of every object, and extracting causes of disgust and pain from every thing; ELINOR affixed to those few words a meaning which she durst not trust herself to analyze; and a half-formed sigh was about to draw a question from LUSIGNAN, when the carriage stopped at the gate of the chateau. Madame was already in the hall, and when clasped to her bosom, ELINOR felt the first sensations of unmixed delight she had experienced since she left the convent.

In a few days she became reconciled to her new habitation: she observed with pleasure, that, from the time of her arrival, Madame had begun to shake off much of that melancholy air and manner that she at first wore, and which proved her heart ill at ease. She doated on her daughter; and even LUSIGNAN, won by the sweet and innocent gaiety of ELINOR, would sometimes lay aside the stern gravity of his behaviour,

behaviour, and converse with ease and intelligence.

A soul like that of our lovely ELINOR could not be unmoved at beholding the agreeable change she had herself effected; and she gave unrestrained indulgence to the playfulness of her disposition; and only, when alone, gave way to the thoughts that led her mind to OLIVIA, and filled it with that tender regret that is far from displeasing to a person of sensibility. To her beloved friend she was indebted, not only for a competent knowledge of the English and Italian languages, but for the works of their best writers, which, with her harp, her lute, and her drawings, fully employed her leisure hours.



CHAP. III.

Oh! have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant blooms display,
When first its virgin tints unfold to view?

THUS tranquilly time glided away, without the intrusion of a single visitor, till ELINOR had been above a month at Loncilles. She had as yet only seen the abbey of St. AUSTIN's from the terrace of the chateau; and now, invited by the serene beauty of an evening in June, she bent her steps towards it. She was alone, and often stopped to admire the scenery around her, or loitered among the trees, listening to the plaintive moaning of the wood-pigeon, and the last song of the smaller birds.

When she reached the abbey the sun was fast sinking behind the mountains, and faintly illumined the western gate of
the

the ruin; and displayed the rich stone fret-work in the window above, now devoid of glass, and half obscured by the ivy that mantled the edifice. ELINOR paused to contemplate those mouldering relicks of ancient magnificence, and then entered the chapel; its glooms were too much for her fancy, impressed with images of awe, and perhaps superstition, and she turned to the roofless cloisters. Their desolated situation had, perhaps, with a single glance, satisfied her curiosity, had not the rich prospect that opened beyond them induced her to proceed. Her progress was often impeded by fragments of the fallen building, now overgrown with weeds and long grass that rustled softly in the wind.

As lightly and quickly she walked along the cloisters, the low echo of her footsteps made her often steal a fearful glance behind, to see if any one followed her: all was silent but the light breeze that

shook the branches of ash trees, (coeval with the building) that surrounded the pile; and in which the rooks and daws, with hoarse screams, were now retiring to their nests. ELINOR having reached the termination of the aisle, sat down on a part of a broken pillar to rest herself.

As slowly the shades of evening closed, she felt a soothing pensiveness steal on her mind, which was rather increased than diminished, when the moon, then near the full, arose above the hill, and cast a stream of mild splendour over the objects in the vale, saving from the obscurity of the dusk some features of a landscape lovely in the extreme. ELINOR raised her eyes to that beautiful planet, and at the moment thought of OLIVIA, and the peaceful abode where, with that inestimable friend, she had often sat hours watching the course of the moon, while OLIVIA, in whose finished education astronomy had
not

not been omitted, described to her the motions of the planets.

‘Perhaps,’ said she to herself, ‘my amiable monitress is at this moment sitting at her narrow casement enjoying the delightful calm of evening; and, it may be, thinking of her absent ELINOR.’

The idea was pleasing, and she indulged it for some time, but it soon gave place to a sensation proving the truth of a remark she had heard OLIVIA make; that ‘of a fine moonlight night the soul seems to find itself more immediately in the presence of the Creator, and more abstracted from situation than at any other time.’ She was animated to devotion, and began to sing a hymn she had learned in the convent. The notes were prolonged, and returned again from the echoing ruins of the cloisters: ELINOR even fancied for a moment she heard another voice; but con-

vinced it was illusion, she began again, and sung with still more pathos than before. Her mind was fixed on Him who made and ruleth all things; she chaunted his praises, and was unmindful of the lapse of time, till starting from a reverie, she observed that the moon was risen high in the blue expanse.

Surprised at the lateness of the hour, she rose to hasten home, but was extremely terrified to behold the shadow of a man standing in one of the recesses of the aisle. She darted forwards, but the sound of footsteps in pursuit yet more alarmed her; her strength failed her, and she sunk almost breathless into the arms of her pursuer. Terrified beyond expression, she again attempted flight, when the stranger, in a voice of anxiety, exclaimed, "For heaven's
 " sake let me support you! you are in no
 " danger, Madam, but from this excess of
 " terror which I am wretched to have
 " caused you."

The

The accents of the Chevalier, and his figure, which, though but imperfectly seen, was prepossessing, in some measure calmed the apprehensions of ELINOR, who, as he continued to support her, tried to thank him.

“ Oh!” cried he, “ I merit nothing but
 “ reproaches for having so cruelly alarmed
 “ you; but your voice so fascinated my
 “ senses, that I heeded not the impru-
 “ dence I was guilty of, or the terror my
 “ appearance might occasion you. For-
 “ give my folly, and permit me to assist
 “ you to leave those dreary ruins; the air
 “ is too damp not to be injurious to a
 “ frame so delicate, and your friends must
 “ be in pain for you.”

‘ My home is very near,’ said ELINOR, encouraged by the solicitude he expressed, and the easy elegance of his manner.

“ Permit me to assist you to reach it,” said he.

‘ I am

‘ I am obliged to your kindness, Sir,
 ‘ but there is no reason to trouble you.
 ‘ I am now in perfect safety, and in a few
 ‘ minutes I shall be at home.’

“ Suffer me for those few moments
 “ to attend you,” said the Chevalier.
 ELINOR, coldly withdrawing her hand
 from his arm, on which she had hitherto
 leant, now tried to bid him good night,
 but could only bow and totter a few steps.
 The Chevalier paused an instant, and then
 flew after her.

“ Good God!” he cried, “ you cannot
 “ walk! you are not sufficiently recovered
 “ to return alone! At least, Madam,” he
 added, hesitating, “ you must permit me
 “ to attend you till you come in sight of
 “ your habitation. That honour you
 “ must not deny me.”

He spoke with an accent and look of
 wounded pride; and ELINOR now silently
 accepted the support his arm afforded her,
 and

and set slowly forwards, resolving never again to trust the fascination of music in so solitary a place. They had arrived within a little distance of the chateau, when the Chevalier released the hand he held, and bowed, saying, as he turned away, "good angels guard you, Madam!"

ELINOR was about to thank him for his protection, but he was gone; and repenting that she had not invited him to enter the house, walked on. When she had almost reached the door, she looked behind her, and the moonlight enabled her to distinguish the Chevalier standing on the spot where they had parted. She hurried up the steps, and again turning, she perceived he was gone, having evidently only waited to see her in safety. When she entered the hall, a servant told her her mother had been enquiring for her, and without hesitation she went on to a room where both her parents sat with a stranger.

A figure

A figure more lovely than ELINOR's could not be conceived; she was simply dressed in white, and had on a straw bonnet, such as is worn by the peasant girls of Savoy: her hair was blown over her cheeks, to which surprise lent a fresher glow than ordinary. Her mother, gently chiding her for staying out so late, placed her beside her, and ELINOR had now leisure to examine the stranger.

He seemed rather above fifty, and extremely grave: his face, though uncommonly handsome, was one of those, that having seen once, the eye never recurs to with pleasure: the predominant expression of his countenance was keenness, and his fierce black eyes were often turned on ELINOR with a distressing scrutiny of examination. LUSIGNAN commanded her to sing and play; and, conscious of excellence, she took her harp and drew forth sounds of inconceivable sweetness and gaiety.

gaiety. The Count (for by that title LUSIGNAN addressed his visitor) was in raptures, but his praises gave ELINOR less pleasure than the delighted looks of her mother.

The stranger declined supping, and rising to be gone, LUSIGNAN followed him out of the room. Instead, however, of leaving the house, they both went into the study of the latter, and remained some time. ELINOR noticed this to her mother, but thought no more of it till they heard the study door open, and the Count seemed departing; they then heard LUSIGNAN's voice, saying, "Depend on it, my Lord, you shall find us obedient."

'Good night,' said the Count, 'and remember that to-morrow——.'

"Certainly, my Lord. Good night."

They could distinguish no more, and there was no time for comments on this, for LUSIGNAN entered the room. He
kissed

kissed his daughter, saying, "My ELINOR is more than usually charming this evening."

A common-place speech presented itself, but ELINOR met her father's eye fixed on her, as it had often been during their journey to Loncilles, and was unable to speak, while LUSIGNAN resumed.

"Your appearance and manner, in this your first introduction to your future husband, has confirmed my hopes, and answered all my wishes. The Count is enchanted with you."

'The Count!' repeated ELINOR, to whose innocent ideas a new field now presented itself. LUSIGNAN, without seeming to observe the interruption, went on.

"Yes, my child! The Count de SAN-TERRE loves you."

Whether it was, that a lover had never once entered into the thoughts of ELINOR; that she imagined her father was rallying her;
her;

her; or that to her it seemed most preposterous, that a man above fifty should think of marrying a girl under eighteen; but a smile played about her charming mouth.

“I see,” continued LUSIGNAN, “that you receive this intelligence as you ought.” ELINOR smiled again, for she was pleased to be commended, though she was unconscious of deserving it; for at that moment she felt inclined to be very flippant to her father, who added, “The Count is a match to which the fairest and richest ladies have in vain aspired. Nay, ELINOR, away with that saucy air of incredulity, and think seriously of the honour that awaits you, in being Countess de SANTERRE.”

No smiling grace now beamed on the beautiful face of ELINOR, but she eagerly said, “Surely my father will not destine his child to a fate so shocking!”

“Cease

“ Cease this frowardness, girl,” said LUSIGNAN contemptuously, and rising, “ The Count, in the character of a husband, will, in less than a week, teach you its folly.”

He immediately left the room; and though ELINOR took not his words in their right sense, she would have given worlds if she had possessed them, for an opportunity to throw herself on the neck of her mother, and intreat her intercession that she might not be forced to a marriage with the Count; but the servant coming in with supper prevented her, and, unable to remain in society, she hastened to her chamber to indulge her tears.

The time of calamity, whether real or imaginary, is that in which we recur most fondly to absent friends, fancying their affectionate zeal might avert or blunt the arrow of affliction. So ELINOR, more passionately than ever, lamented being separated

parated from OLIVIA. In the midst of these thoughts the image of the young Chevalier would sometimes intrude itself, but the other ideas that occupied her mind soon drove him from thence.

On the morrow she rose early, and quitted the house. The garden, hitherto the scene of her morning's amusement, had now lost its power of pleasing; and without knowing whither she went, she directed her steps to the ruins of the monastery. Almost the first object she saw there was the young Chevalier, who had on the preceding evening so much alarmed her. He seemed busy in making a drawing of the ruin; two spaniels and a pointer lay at his feet, and his gun rested against a projection of the wall. As he turned and perceived ELINOR, she observed, that, however she had been prepossessed by his appearance (and his figure lost nothing by being completely seen) and manner, his animated countenance

countenance was not inferior to the rest, and gave her a favourable idea of the mind that lent it those traits of discernment and sensibility. He hastily put his sketch in his pocket, approached ELINOR, and, bowing with easy politeness, said,

“ I am happy, Madam, thus to meet
 “ you, since I think I perceive that you
 “ have not been a material sufferer by
 “ your late walk and fright yesterday
 “ evening.”

‘ I thank you, Sir,’ said ELINOR, blushing, ‘ for the interest you seem to take in
 ‘ my health; which I shall not again en-
 ‘ danger by a repetition of my impru-
 ‘ dence, or subject you to inconvenience
 ‘ by attentions.’

“ That,” interrupted the Chevalier,
 “ that, had I not to reproach myself for
 “ terrifying you, would have given me the
 “ highest pleasure to render acceptable.”

“ I believe,”

‘I believe,’ said ELINOR, glancing her eye at the pencil which he still held in his hand, ‘I have interrupted your amusement.’

“Ah!” cried the Chevalier, with animation, “what amusement would I not relinquish for the pleasure of looking on you!”

He seemed, however, to have spoken involuntarily; for blushing almost as deeply as ELINOR, he hesitated a little, and then added, “I was attempting a sketch of this imperfect edifice, which, till last night, never struck me as being so beautiful a subject. But I little expected so charming an interruption at so early an hour.”

‘I usually,’ said ELINOR innocently, ‘rise much before this time; but I know not how I happened to stray hither this morning, since the hours of early day I generally devote to reading or gardening; except that ——”

She

She stopped; conscious she was going too far in declaring her unhappiness to a stranger; but a sigh, that she could not repress, swelled her bosom, and a tear glittered in her eye.

The Chevalier had already discovered that she was handsome and interesting; but her beauty derived a sentiment from her sorrow, that smiles could not give it. He gazed on her for a minute in silence, and then introduced a conversation on the merits of different authors, which ELINOR (a stranger to those forms that might have condemned her) thought too pleasing not to give into. Her understanding and taste were as highly cultivated as books would admit. The Chevalier had another advantage; he had seen as well as read; and during a two years residence in different parts of Italy and England, his mind and manners had received the highest polish that education or travel could bestow.

The

The Chevalier led his fair companion to speak of the poets of those countries, and give her opinion of them. Her taste was simple, but just: her judgment clear, and her remarks delivered with modesty and elegance. And when he, with the enthusiasm of a lover of poetry, repeated those passages of PETRARCH which particularly pleased him, ELINOR found new beauties in that charming writer which she had not before observed.

Mutually delighted with each other, they forgot the waste of time, till a large English spaniel, who had been sleeping in the warm sunshine, got up; and by barking and jumping round his master, reminded them that it was growing late. They therefore moved on, still conversing, till they came to the spot where they had before separated. This seemed the boundary prescribed by the Chevalier himself; for bidding ELINOR good morning,

ing, he called to his dogs, and leaping the fence on one side, penetrated into the woods, and disappeared.

From the time the remembrance of the Count, and her own situation in respect to him, forced a sigh from the soft bosom of ELINOR, a thought of him had not once obtruded itself on her mind. Perhaps it was, therefore, that she now felt with more keenness the cruel import of her father's last words to her on the preceding night.

‘ Ah, dear OLIVIA!’ she now for the hundredth time exclaimed, ‘ why are we divided when I most want your counsel? Alas, my father! too cruelly solicitous for my aggrandizement! can you think that the rank or riches of the Count SANTERRE can recompense your daughter for the miseries of a union so disproportionate?’

ELINOR, with all the sanguine feeling of youth, now pronounced it impossible
that

that happiness should ever more enter her breast. Perhaps she spoke truly; but of the most formidable enemy of her repose, destined to imbitter a large portion of her future life, the innocent daughter of LUSIGNAN as yet knew nothing.

CHAP. IV.

AT the hour of breakfast Madame came herself to summon ELINOR from her chamber; whither, on entering the house, she had retired. Her swollen eyes (for she had been in tears) did not escape the notice of her mother, who only by a sigh, and a pitying look, shewed she observed them. During breakfast LUSIGNAN was gloomy, his wife dejected, and ELINOR sorrowful. Once indeed, that the former seemed unmindful of his coffee which she had poured out for him, ELINOR forced

herself to enquire if it pleased him. He started, and with unusual softness of voice replied, "Yes, ELINOR, I am pleased
"with every thing you do!"

This unexpected kindness melted her; and she half repented the resolution she had formed never to marry the Count, when LUSIGNAN putting his arm round her, imprinted a kiss on her cheek, saying, "Sweet girl! worthy of the felicity pre-
"paring for you! In five days more you
"will be Countess SANTERRE."

He hastily rose and went out of the room, while ELINOR, turning to her mother, said passionately, 'Never! no, never, shall that title be mine! Oh, Ma-
'dam! can you see your child sacrificed to
'the Count?'

"What mean you, my love?" enquired Madame, embracing her, and by her tears shewing the question was needless; then adding, "Spare me, ELINOR, the sight of
"distress

“distress I cannot alleviate. Necessity
“compels me to oppose your inclinations.”

The artless ELINOR caught at the words
of her mother.

‘What necessity? or why must your
‘child involve herself in hopeless wretch-
‘edness to escape from poverty?’

“The necessity, ELINOR, is for your
“obedience to your father. Never in
“any one instance have I ventured to op-
“pose him, or have I possessed the smallest
“influence on his conduct; judge then if
“I can begin now to indulge the caprice
“of a child?”

‘I am not capricious, Madam,’ said
ELINOR, ‘but I cannot, indeed I cannot
‘love the Count.’

“Not love him, my dear! ah! you
“know not that marriages of love are
“often productive of misery: his torch
“may cheer and warm for a time, but too

“ soon it is extinguished, and leaves the
“ heart a prey to sorrow and repentance.”

Though her daughter knew not from what bitter experience the unhappy MARIA spoke, her tears and tenderness affected her.

‘ Tell me,’ cried she, with earnestness,
‘ Do you, can you, wish me to marry the
‘ Count?’

“ I can, ELINOR! I do. Alas! I am not
“ my own mistress. Will not my sweet
“ ELINOR give me one cause for happiness?”

‘ Oh, my mother!’ said the amiable girl, ‘ would that I could take from you
‘ every cause of sorrow; but you shall
‘ find me no longer disobedient! Let the
‘ Count take my hand! And do you,
‘ Mamma, teach me to merit his affection.’

This generosity gave Madame a pang, such as she had never before experienced; she clasped her charming child to her bosom,

bosom, and while she pitied the sacrifice she had just made to duty, she thanked her for it in the names of SATERRE and LUSIGNAN, and retired to conceal her emotion.

POOR ELINOR, when left alone, and the enthusiasm that supported her was past, gave way to tears. Peace and joy had flown from her heart, and left it distracted with every painful sensation. She still found the same repugnance to a marriage with a man she could not love, at the same time that she was bound by the ties of duty and honour to give him her hand.

In the silence of her own apartment, and in a heart fraught with native rectitude, she sought consolation; but the image of the young Chevalier, the insinuating softness of his manner, and the elegance of his taste, were remembrances little calculated to reconcile her to a lot now evidently unavoidable. Evening

found her sorrow as deep, but less passionate than before; and evening brought the Count to Loncilles, accompanied by a gentleman. When summoned from her chamber, ELINOR trembled so excessively, that it was with difficulty she reached the parlour door: the Count rose when she entered it, and taking her hand, presented his friend, in whom the blushing ELINOR recognized the young Chevalier with which she had been so much pleased. The deep scarlet that dyed her cheeks, her parents attributed to the awkwardness of a first visit from an accepted lover. Neither was the Chevalier totally unmoved; he coloured highly, and when he would have paid her his compliments, he hesitated, faltered, and was silent. ELINOR sat in mute agitation, revolving in her mind the reason why the Chevalier came with the Count, till called on by the latter to sing and play. Her blushes were augmented

ed as she took the harp; the Chevalier (HENRY) flew to present it to her, and she lightly passed her fingers over the strings. Some of the notes were, she fancied, out of tune, and she was going to pronounce it impossible to use the instrument, when a look from her father made her instantly begin. She played one of the most pathetic compositions of the celebrated ———, and her eyes insensibly filled with tears, for the words were calculated to affect her spirits; and when in one of his plaintive closes, she let the accompaniment die gradually away, and only her melting voice continued the strain, her auditors were enchanted. The Count rapturously extolled her execution and taste: the Chevalier (HENRY) said nothing, but his looks were sufficiently expressive of the delight music afforded him.

“ You are certainly a musician, Chevalier!” said Madame. The Count

looked uneasy; for the first time recollecting that his young friend possessed too many advantages over him not to be a dangerous rival. But to the assertion of Madame, HENRY replied, ‘Pardon me: I have no pretensions to the title.’

There was something equivocal in this, but nobody observed it, except ELINOR, who was silent: and now, to avoid the unpleasantness of having nothing to do, she played some of those simple airs that the evening wanderer, among the Pyrenees, often hears borne on the breeze from the cottages in the vale below. The first she played was very lively; but the second was so full of plaintive sweetness, that HENRY, in ecstasy, forgot almost the fair musician: she sighed deeply.

“What affects you?” said HENRY softly. “In playing those tender airs, does fancy lead you back to a land which custom and sentiment endear to you?”

‘No!’

‘ No!’ she replied, again sighing, ‘ Paris
 ‘ was the place of my birth; but that last
 ‘ air reminds me of a friend, now far
 ‘ distant, from whom, in the happy days
 ‘ of childhood, I learned it.’

“ To indulge regret,” resumed the
 young Chevalier, “ for the absence of
 “ friends, inflicts too painful sensations:
 “ to look back to a country to which we
 “ have bid adieu, but hope to revisit, is
 “ unattended with them.”

‘ And whither,’ enquired ELINOR, with
 the sweetest smile, ‘ does your mind glance,
 ‘ as to your native place? surely some scene
 ‘ famous in song or romantic fiction.’

“ You guess well,” he replied. “ I
 “ was born at the foot of one of that stu-
 “ pendous chain of mountains that sever
 “ France from Spain. And though I left
 “ it when scarcely more than an infant, as
 “ I sometime since wandered in their beau-
 “ tiful environs, and crossed their craggy
 “ summits,

“summits, not a shrub that grew on their
“fides, or a rock that nodded on their
“declivities, but I hailed as a relation or
“a friend.

“There too I first heard those touch-
“ing airs that please you so much; and
“never shall I again hear them without
“thinking on the rude, but picturesque,
“beauties of my native hills.”

‘Do you not think so, HENRY?’ said
the Count, who had observed, and that
not with the most pleasing sensations, the
animation with which the Chevalier spoke,
and the attention with which ELINOR
heard him, and wished to call him from
the subject.

‘Do you not think so, HENRY?’

“I beg pardon, Sir; but I have not
“been attending to what you were say-
“ing.”

‘I have been saying to my friend, LU-
‘SIGNAN, that obligation is the strongest
‘cement

‘ cement of friendship; and that without
 ‘ the dependance man has upon man, for
 ‘ the comforts and necessaries of life, it
 ‘ could not exist.’

“ Excuse me,” said HENRY, “ my
 “ ideas are very different. Obligations
 “ must in a good mind excite gratitude;
 “ but it surely requires something more
 “ than the mere conferring of favours to
 “ inspire that esteem which is the only
 “ sure basis of friendship.

“ I grant you, that gratitude, like pity,
 “ often transforms cold esteem into ani-
 “ mated tenderness. But from one I sin-
 “ cerely loved, no kindness could wear
 “ the semblance of obligation; because,
 “ as I judge from my own feelings, the
 “ bestower reaps full as much pleasure
 “ from a generous action as the receiver
 “ can.”

LUSIGNAN cast a glance of incredulity
 at HENRY, of whom he had hitherto
 taken

taken very little notice, and he could not now withdraw his eyes without an examination much to his advantage.

HENRY was in his twenty-first year; his person tall and graceful, and his face handsome and animated: he was very much sunburnt, except his forehead, which told that he had once been fair. His eyes were very dark, and not deficient in expression; but it was of so various a kind as must please every beholder. His teeth were remarkably fine; and in the whole of his face there was a something that required not the aid of beauty to charm. LUSIGNAN regarded him, and then his daughter; on the back of whose chair he leaned, and sighed: possibly he felt a momentary regret, that HENRY did not possess the rank, fortune, and other recommendations, of a de SANTERRE; who now, addressing HENRY, said in return to his last words:

“Your

“ Your notions are whimsical and romantic. I speak only of those whom steady prudence directs.”

‘ Thank heaven,’ cried HENRY with warmth, ‘ I am little conversant with their ideas; but I believe such to be incapable of friendship. Steady prudence damps that ardour and sentiment that can alone make us alive to its delicacies and refinements. The sensation of regard their apathy allows them to feel, may indeed be cemented by obligation ——.’

“ You speak like a boy!” somewhat angrily interrupted the Count, “ and know not what you say.”

‘ Pardon me, my Lord. I speak from a conviction of the truth of what I advance. From friendship have flowed the sweetest and sublimest pleasures of my life; yet my friend has never laid me under any obligation but for his good opinion. I have also received favours
‘ that

‘ that I can never repay, and I hope your
 ‘ lordship has not to reproach me with in-
 ‘ gratitude?’

A mixture of pride, pique, and a thousand more noble feelings, reddened in the countenance of HENRY as he spoke; and Madame, who had hitherto been silent, said with a smile, “ Your sentiments, young
 “ gentleman, are suited to appear amiable
 “ at your years; but trust me, a time will
 “ come, when, though your opinion may
 “ not exactly coincide with the Count’s,
 “ it will be very different from what it is
 “ at present. Youth is the season for
 “ enthusiasm both in friendship and love;
 “ but as time steals on we perceive the
 “ fallacy of all our hopes of disinterested
 “ affection and everlasting attachment.
 “ When the judgment is matured, and
 “ reason assumes the empire of the pas-
 “ sions, we find that nothing can give us
 “ the same intoxicating pleasure, or deep
 “ affliction,

“affliction, that it did in the unsuspecting
“days of youth.”

‘Any favours,’ resumed the Count, recurring to the concluding words of HENRY’S speech, ‘that I have bestowed
‘on you, your worth plainly evinces you
‘merited, and are grateful for.’

HENRY coloured more deeply than before, at this ungracious compliment; and shortly after the Count rose to depart. He took ELINOR’S hand, and raised it to his lips; as she withdrew it, she encountered the penetrating eyes of HENRY, and blushed. He sighed as he coldly wished her good-night; and on his arrival at the residence of SANTERRE, he pleaded a pain in his head, and retired to his apartment—not to sleep, but in silence and darkness to recall to memory every look, every word, and every graceful movement, of the fair ELINOR DE LUSIGNAN.

CHAP. V.

Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan;
And to the genius join'd the feeling man.

GARRICK.

TO nature, and the Count de SANTERRE, HENRY owed every thing. The first had endowed him with a handsome person, a fine understanding, brilliant talents, and one of the best hearts in the world. But all those had availed him little, had not the Count taken him an helpless infant from the death-bed of both his parents, (vassals on one of his estates) and given him the best education possible to bestow. This perhaps was the occasion of a report being circulated, and by many believed, that the young HENRY was entitled by blood to the affection his father, by adoption, seemed to bear him. More particularly,

larly, as some years before HENRY's introduction to the family, the Count was said to have had an intrigue with a lady, who died young. Whether the story had any foundation in truth we will not say; but it certainly had more appearance of probability than tales of the same nature usually boast; as the lady certainly did reside in his house for several months previous to her death.

The rapid improvements of the orphan HENRY amply rewarded every care his benefactor had taken. At seventeen he entered the army, and went immediately to join his regiment. At Paris, whither he went, he soon became an universal favourite; his education and talents made him courted by men of letters; his fine person made him admired by the women; while his amiable disposition, and uniform good temper, rendered him esteemed by his brother officers. Some of those
were

were dissolute young men; to such he was always obliging, but never familiar: and while they pursued a course of life so different, they loved and respected the virtues of the youthful HENRY.

Soon after he joined his regiment, he was presented to his Lieutenant-Colonel, a young nobleman of distinguished merit. The Marquis de JULIAN was of one of the first families in France, and inherited his title and estate from a maternal uncle, a grandee of Spain. He was at that time about three-and-twenty, his character exceedingly estimable, and, with a very dignified person, had all that polish of manners and gallantry of behaviour a military life never fails in France to bestow. HENRY soon became very intimate with him: there was a congeniality in their minds that leads to confidence and friendship.

To the Marquis HENRY did not hesitate to recount the meanness of his original,

nal, and the charitable kindness of the Count; but DE JULIEN was superior to being influenced by birth in preference to merit, and loved HENRY the more for his noble candour. One day he said, "It is impossible, HENRY, that your original can have been such as you tell me. You have a soul, my friend, that contradicts the idea of your being the son of a man in one of the inferior orders of life."

'It is true, DE JULIEN,' HENRY replied, smiling, 'that I am sometimes tempted to believe myself in an error respecting my family; and am half tempted to believe myself, as people say I am, the son of the Count. But that very pride and vanity which induces me to adopt such an opinion, the next minute urges me to give it up; from the consideration that it is much more honourable to be the son of a peasant, than the offspring of a prince, with such a stigma on my name,

‘ name, as must rest on it did I really belong to the Count.

‘ Besides, (as men never want devices to raise them in their own estimation) that my father might, had his talents been called forth, have proved the most able statesman, the most profound philosopher, and most compleat general, of any age or nation. We have only to fancy all this, and be satisfied that fortune, not nature, was to blame for the obscurity in which my ancestors lived and died; from father to son tenants of a straw-roofed cottage on the side of one of the Pyrennean mountains.’

“ Right, HENRY!” cried the Marquis, “ and with this reflection too, that many of our noblesse have been raised to the highest honours by fortune, as it were in sport, to shew how totally nature had unfitted them for power and dignity.”

‘ You are pretty severe, my lord.’

“ Pshaw!

“Pshaw! pshaw!” replied the Marquis, laughing, “there is nothing offensive, I hope, in what I say; and I know enough of mankind to justify it.”

At the time when HENRY was introduced to the family of LUSIGNAN, he was but lately returned from Naples, whither he had gone, after parting from the Marquis, who was gone to visit his mother’s family in Spain, and left him at Perpignan, where the regiment was quartered.

HENRY now regretted the absence of his friend, to whom he could have spoken of ELINOR, and the passion she had inspired. It was such as kept him waking the whole night succeeding their last interview: and what was not very favourable to sleep, the Count had on their way home confided to him his design of marrying the captivating daughter of LUSIGNAN.

To

To encourage an attachment to a woman thus situated (for he heard that she had consented to the marriage) was repugnant to his principles; but now, gratitude, as well as honour, forbade his bestowing a thought on her, since to her heart and hand he dared not aspire.

He rose early the next morning, and mechanically walked towards the monastery. He traversed the desolated aisles, as if in search of some one, and then left them, disappointed, and proceeded onwards. Thinking, as he then was, on ELINOR, he insensibly took the same path he had twice traced with her, and knew not where he was, so deep was his reverie, till on looking up he perceived he was at the entrance of a chefnut wood that shaded a part of the garden-wall at Loncilles. A little gate crossed the path; it was open, and seeing a figure in white moving amongst the trees, he was convinced it

was

was ELINOR, and advanced. Reason demanded wherefore he sought a woman so dangerous to his peace, but reason was not heard. He was right in his conjecture; ELINOR, tormented by unpleasant reflections, had early left her chamber, and stolen into the wood.

She did not perceive HENRY till he was close beside her; but when she did, she started, blushed, and a secret consciousness would have induced her to leave him, had not his looks and words prevented her. After the compliments of meeting, he said, "I find that sleep alike flies the eye-lids of the happy and the miserable. The God of slumbers has not, I see, Madam, been more indulgent to you than to myself this morning."

The melancholy tone in which he spoke, and the evident dejection of his air, made ELINOR say innocently, 'Surely you too are not unhappy!'

"Perhaps

“ Perhaps I ought not to be so! but
 “ there is a frowardness in my nature,
 “ that ———. Pardon me, Madam! I
 “ forgot to congratulate you on your ap-
 “ proaching marriage. May it be pro-
 “ ductive to you of every felicity.”

‘ Ah!’ cried ELINOR artlessly, ‘ con-
 ‘ gratulate me not on an event, that if it
 ‘ takes place, can produce for me only re-
 ‘ gret and wretchedness!’

“ Regret and wretchedness!” he ex-
 claimed, with eagerness and passion in his
 voice. “ Who then shall hope for hap-
 “ piness, if it be denied to you? My suf-
 “ ferings ———.”

He stopped abruptly, fixing his eyes on
 ELINOR, who was unable to speak: then
 recollecting himself, he added, “ Again I
 “ pray you, pardon my vehemence. I
 “ hardly know what I say, or would ex-
 “ press! I forget every thing but ———.”

He

He stopped: and ELINOR, hardly able to restrain her tears, said, ‘ Whatever my present sorrows or future destiny may be, is, alas! of little consequence to any one.’

“ Gracious heaven! Is it possible to know you, and be indifferent to your fate? Oh, ELINOR! would that I might avow an interest in one so amiable! so beloved!”

ELINOR was startled by his manner, and said coldly, ‘ Such conversation, Cavalier, is improper for us both, and had therefore best be at an end. Adieu, Sir!’

She was retreating, but HENRY wildly seizing her hands, “ Do not leave me!” he cried, “ do not leave me to such feelings as distract me! But if, indeed, you think me unworthy of pity, learn the extent of my presumption, and hate me at once!——I love you!”

ELINOR tried to disengage her hands, not daring to trust herself with pronoun-

cing a word; but HENRY still detained her, and after a pause, he repeated, "Yes, "ELINOR! spite of duty, honour, and "gratitude, I feel that I adore you!"

His agitation was now more than equalled by that of his lovely auditress; who, struggling to suppress her tears, and assume a resentful air, broke from him, and would have flown from the fascination of his presence, but she could only make the effort, and then leant against one of the chestnut-trees. HENRY flew to her, and endeavoured to assist and console her. At one moment he urged his passion with earnest vehemence; at another, he besought her to pardon him: in short, was guilty of all the extravagance of a lover.

'Leave me,' said she, at last, 'leave me 'to my misery, or rather the performance 'of my duty. Oh, do not, do not detain 'me! Pray let me be gone!"

"ELINOR!

“ELINOR! my adored ELINOR!” cried Henry wildly: “fly me not, I conjure you——. Most beloved of women, hear me——, ere yet it be a crime to gaze on your charms——. But why, why must this cruel duty tear you from me? If, indeed, you do not detest me, why yield obedience to those who would divide us? Were it to procure happiness for you, gladly would I forfeit my life; but I could not behold you miserable! Say but that you love me, and will be mine.”

‘Never!’ replied ELINOR, collecting all her firmness. ‘Never, HENRY! Filial duty, though it compels me to be wretched, is still sacred! Farewell! try to forget me.’

“Ah, ELINOR! think you that to forget is a task so easy? But go, cruel and unfeeling girl! Triumph in the sufferings of a heart you have agonized. Go,

“and seek, if you can, consolation in that
“tyrant—duty, to which you would sacrifice one who adores you.”

The frantic vehemence with which he spoke, and the violence of the emotions that convulsed his whole frame, rendered his words almost inarticulate; and he was going, when the pale face of ELINOR, who now, breathing a deep sigh, leaned her head against the tree by which she stood, drew his attention.

He supported her almost inanimate form in his arms, and, hanging over her with unutterable anguish, tried in vain to soothe her. She gently put him from her with her hand, and sighed deeply.

“Forgive me,” he cried, “forgive my
“frantic love, and do not kill me with
“the sight of this insensate coldness. Reproach me, ELINOR, for I deserve it!
“But do not look thus at me. Say rather,
“HENRY, I abhor you! Even that were
“some

“ some satisfaction. Oh! let me hear you
“ speak.”

‘ Go, go!’ cried ELINOR, bursting into
a flood of tears that eased her heart of a
part of its oppression: ‘ Leave a luckless
‘ woman, destined to embitter the lot of
‘ those she most loves. Go, dear HENRY!
‘ sometimes think on me when you are
‘ far away, and remember her, who, since
‘ she cannot live for you, is contented to
‘ die.’

“ Talk not of dying, my angelic, my
“ worshipped love! Rather set at de-
“ fiance the authority that would sepa-
“ rate two beings whose hearts beat only
“ for each other. Ties too far strained
“ cease to be binding; and tyranny ex-
“ cuses rebellion. Say then that you will
“ be mine: that you will live for me, and
“ preserve this dear hand till I can claim
“ it as my own!”

‘ Hold!’ cried the trembling ELINOR:
 ‘ let me not go too far. Let it suffice,
 ‘ that I will never plight my faith to any
 ‘ other while you live! And oh! I hope
 ‘ I may not survive you.’

“ Enchanting goodness!” exclaimed
 “ HENRY, embracing her; “ and when
 “ I forfeit the faith I now vow my ELI-
 “ NOR, may every curse with which hea-
 “ ven, in vengeance for an angel’s wrongs,
 “ can blast mankind, be my eternal por-
 “ tion!”

ELINOR shrunk shuddering from his
 arms that encircled her, and exclaimed
 with emotion: ‘ For the love of that hea-
 ‘ ven which you invoke, recall your oath!
 ‘ This dreadful violence alarms and dis-
 ‘ tresses me!’

“ Ah, ELINOR! you love not, or you
 “ would not condemn me. But never,
 “ while I have life, will I part with the
 “ dear hope of one day calling you mine.”

As

As ELINOR still persisted in intreating to be left alone, HENRY now conducted her to the door of the garden, and after obtaining from her a promise to meet him in the wood in the evening, he kissed her hand, and departed, elated with the thought of being dear to the only woman on whose heart he ever formed a wish to make any impression.

CHAP. VI.

And though sometimes each dreary pause between,
Dejected pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mein.

COLLINS.

FOR sometime after ELINOR reached her chamber, she wept incessantly. But, when a little composed, she shuddered at the recollection of the scene through which

she had just past, and bitterly repented her own imprudence. The promise she had made her mother, to receive the Count as a husband, now, when the recollection was unavailing, struck on her memory, and filled her with redoubled anguish, from the idea, that, in despite of duty and propriety, she had sworn to be only the wife of HENRY. Now that he was no longer present, that his voice no longer vibrated on her ear, she was able to reflect, and exclaimed in agony, “ Oh, my mother! how shall I meet thine eyes! “ how will they reproach my deviation “ from rectitude! And thou, OLIVIA! “ when thou shalt know thy lessons have “ been so ill bestowed, and that I am a “ weak and criminal girl, how will thy “ gentle spirit rise against me! Oh! I “ have woven a web of sorrow for myself, “ that wherever I turn impedes my steps!”

Thus,

Thus, for a first fault, did the hapless ELINOR reproach herself, till near the hour of breakfast, when, trying to compose her features, she met her parents at their morning meal. LUSIGNAN, as usual silent and inattentive, did not observe the languor of her looks, and the frequent sighs that stole from her bosom: but Madame, who loved her too tenderly, not to feel anxious about her every look, could not help noticing her dejection, which she attributed merely to her terror of her intended marriage.

Soon after breakfast ELINOR left her mother engaged in household concerns, and dreading the coming of SANTERRE, who was to spend the day at Loncilles, stole into the garden. She had just reached the end of it, where a low fence with a rustic gate divided it from an orchard, and was out of sight of the windows of the chateau, when a strange peasant presented

her a letter, and disappeared among the trees. ELINOR, her heart beating violently, took it, and retiring to a little pavilion near, read these lines:

“ Think, most amiable of women, what
 “ that wretch must endure, who, having
 “ cherished a hope to call you his, is com-
 “ pelled to bid you drive him from your
 “ remembrance for ever, as a creature
 “ not worth a thought! One, who ha-
 “ ving practised on the softness of your
 “ nature, would make you the partner of
 “ his cruel destiny.

“ Take back those vows that I extorted
 “ from you. No longer the slave of love,
 “ but the votary of principle and honour,
 “ I now find I was culpable in soliciting
 “ them: forget that they ever existed.

“ You conjured me, when late we
 “ parted, to recall a rash oath. It is
 “ already recalled; and HENRY no longer
 “ opposes inclination to duty.

“ To

“ To regain the indifference you have
 “ lost, you have only to know, that I,
 “ who dared aspire to your hand, am the
 “ son of a peasant, nurtured by charity,
 “ and educated by the bounty of the
 “ Count DE SANTERRE. He only can
 “ deserve you. On him bestow the heart
 “ I am forced to forego the possession of;
 “ yet think on me sometimes. Think on
 “ me with pity, not abhorrence, since my
 “ sufferings in writing this last adieu must
 “ atone for the errors of —

“ HENRY.”

ELINOR's eyes remained fixed on the
 characters long after she had read the
 words that struck a dagger to her heart.
 All seemed to her tortured imagination
 unreal. Tears refused to flow: she sighed
 however, ‘ Ah, HENRY!’ thought she,
 ‘ is it possible that you can wish our eter-
 ‘ nal separation? But a conquest so easy
 ‘ has

‘ has already lost its charms: and the weak
 ‘ girl, who could so soon part with her
 ‘ heart, is already become an object of
 ‘ contempt and dislike.’

How strangely inconsistent is the human mind! ELINOR deeply regretted the engagements she had entered into with HENRY, so long as they existed. Now that he had dissolved them, she suffered the severest anguish. Perhaps mortified pride, at having her plighted vows so soon restored to her, gave her an additional pang.

She had not been long in the pavilion, when the Count entered, and taking her passive hand, seated himself beside her. She did not move to shun him, but sat in that sort of stupor with which extreme and sudden sorrow envelopes the mind.— He began:

“ Lovely ELINOR, your father has assured me of your unreluctant consent
 “ to

“ to my happiness, and your silence tells
 “ me it is true. Every thing prospers
 “ my wishes, and you will be mine.”

ELINOR sighed convulsively; but then
 starting to recollection, she said with firm
 calmness, ‘ No, my Lord! you have yet
 ‘ one more obstacle to surmount that you
 ‘ do not expect.’

“ What obstacle, Madam? surely no
 “ rival! Explain yourself, Madam: what
 “ shall prevent my wishes?”

‘ A repugnance which I cannot con-
 ‘ quer. And a rival that not even the
 ‘ power of a husband can divide from me,
 ‘ since I shall gladly meet him.’

“ How, Madam? Let me understand
 “ you. Who, when my wife, shall dare
 “ to approach you?”

‘ One whom it will be in vain to resist!
 ‘ Death will soon put a period to my for-
 ‘ rows. I feel they are beyond endurance.’

She

She burst into tears; and the Count, seeming moved by her distress, she fancied she might now prevail on him to free her from his persecutions. She threw herself on her knees before him; raising her innocent eyes, in which the utmost grief was visible, and in a tone that would melt any heart less obdurate than was that of him whom she supplicated, said, "If indeed, my Lord, you commiserate my unhappiness, save me from the horrors of my fate.

"If I could command my affections, they should be yours. But they defy controul, and I never can be your wife, without my life being the sacrifice to my obedience. Oh! no longer, I conjure you, persist in your pursuit of an unhappy woman, whose heart you never can possess; and whom only tears, reluctance, and anguish, can accompany to your arms.

"Let

“ Let me be indebted to you for freedom from engagements I cannot fulfil,
“ and look on with horror.

“ Yet think not, that if I am forced to
“ become yours, I will survive such violence. No, Count! the same hand that
“ destroys my felicity shall also terminate
“ my life.”

Her desperation shocked the Count, and compassion seized his heart; but it was not natural to him, and soon vanished. Even the sight of the beautiful and interesting ELINOR kneeling, and with tears intreating his pity, had not power to excite his callous heart to give up its cruel purpose. He said coldly, “ Any thing but
‘ this, Madam, I would do to oblige you.
‘ But is it reasonable to conceive, that
‘ almost in the moment my happiness is
‘ about to be compleated, I shall deprive
‘ myself of the extatic hope of calling you
‘ mine?

‘ No,

‘No, charming ELINOR! in this one instance I must oppose you: but once Countess DE SANTERRE, and your utmost wishes shall be gratified.’

“Yet hear me, my Lord! I appeal to your justice, to your humanity! Assist not, nor take advantage of tyranny the most cruel.”

Tears choked her utterance; but the silence of the Count inspiring a hope that she might yet prevail, she continued; “What can you propose to yourself in forcing my inclinations? Think you that time can ever reconcile me to a union so disproportionate? or that I shall ever cease to look on you as a tyrant, who took advantage of parental authority to render me for ever miserable? Oh, no! But if on the contrary —”

‘I intreat, Mademoiselle, that you will cease to importune me on this subject.

‘I have

‘ I have no doubt but reflection, and my
 ‘ tenderness, will make you change your
 ‘ opinion in a few months.’

So saying, he left the pavilion, without even raising ELINOR from the floor: and now, laying her head on one of the seats, the most painful sensations took possession of her mind, and she wept violently.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed, when the voice of HENRY, who uttered an exclamation, aroused her. She started up, and casting on him a glance of mingled disdain and anguish, was passing him, when he caught her hand, exclaiming, “ Stay, “ ELINOR! and once more hear me.”

Regardless of the despair that marked his features, and rendered his voice scarce audible, she broke from him, and ran to her apartment.

HENRY remained in the pavilion long after she left it: his arms crossed, his eyes fixed on the path by which she had retreated,

treated, and in his whole figure the distracted state of his mind was fully portrayed. His thoughts unconsciously dwelt on the indignation and flight of ELINOR, which had defeated the purpose that brought him thither, and destroyed the fairy fabrick of felicity hope had reared in his heart.

“Cruel!” said he, at length, “cruel
“ELINOR!”

He again relapsed into silence; but soon recollecting himself, he sighed frequently as he repassed the wood, where for a short time he had been so blest in the acknowledged tenderness of the woman he loved. When he came to the gate where he had fastened his horse, he loosed him, and hastily mounting, tried by the incessant change of objects, as he rode at full speed, to lose those painful emotions that wrung his heart.

At

At dinner the Count, addressing Madame LUSIGNAN, said, "My young friend, Madam, desired I would request you to excuse his absence, not only to-day, but to-morrow. He has received orders from his colonel to join his regiment immediately, and goes the first post of his journey to-night."

'I am sorry we cannot have the pleasure of his company at our rural fête to-morrow,' said Madame coolly. ELINOR, though she already knew that she had parted from HENRY for ever, yet felt this almost as a disappointment; and while tears stood in her eyes, and a sigh escaped her, said to herself, "We meet then no more!" and took the first opportunity to leave the room unobserved. She stole down to the bank of the river, and seated on a rustic couch by the water edge, she indulged all her sorrow.

Solitude

Solitude and reflection in a short time restored her mind to tolerable composure, and left only a soft, but not unpleasing, melancholy. She no longer wept, but sat for sometime entranced in thought, till a rustling among the long grass started her. Prepossessed with the idea, that it was HENRY who fought her, she felt indignation prevalent in her bosom, and rose to avoid him. Without looking behind her, she hastened towards the house so quickly, that she heard nothing but that she was pursued, till pausing to take breath, the pursuer came up; and she then found her alarm was caused by a favourite little horse of her father's, which, since her arrival at Loncilles, she had been accustomed to feed with bread when she met it in her walks.

“Poor Bayard!” said she, as she patted his forehead;—pleased, though disappointed,

ed, to have her fears thus terminated. The familiar animal sought the usual provision from its gentle mistress, and licked her hands. The affection it seemed to bear her, melted ELINOR: she leaned her face against its neck, and her tears streamed afresh.

“Poor Bayard!” she repeated, sobbing, “and dost thou love me, Bayard?”

For some time the creature grazed quietly on the green herbage at her feet, and then trotted away, totally unmindful of ELINOR’s caresses or her grief.



CHAP. VII.

The faint or moralist may tread
 The moss-grown alley, musing slow :
 They seek, like me, the silent shade!
 But not, like me, to nourish woe.

COWPER.

THE following day every thing at Loncilles shone with unaccustomed gaiety: but the heart of ELINOR was heavy. The elegance of her dress but ill suited the pensive melancholy which had stolen the lustre from her eyes, and the roses from her cheeks and quivering lips. Her robe was muslin, lined and tied with pale blue, and bordered with a wreath of orange flowers and their leaves. Her fine fair hair was confined by a bandeau of black velvet, ornamented with valuable pearls, and a small black feather almost touched her forehead. Her arms, which were
 beautifully

beautifully turned, were bare from the elbow, and she had bracelets the same as her bandeau; with ear-rings and necklace of fine pearl, given her by OLIVIA.

When ELINOR's dress was finished, though she was totally inattentive to it, Madame LUSIGNAN led her to the Count. He received her hand from that of her mother with one knee bent to the earth, and silently kissing it, led her to the company that already, very numerous, were assembled on the lawn.

The day was spent by ELINOR in the most unpleasant restraint. The Count never for a moment left her, though he seldom addressed her: and when she ventured to raise her timid eyes, they always met his, quick and penetrating; but now, with a peculiar and disagreeable expression, arising from distrust and meditated villany, fixed on her. The indulgence of tears was denied her, and even her sighs
 she

she was forced to check. Sometimes, when her glances encountered those of Madame, she thought she regarded her with hopeless pity and melancholy tenderness. But when she turned towards LUSIGNAN, she observed in his looks nothing favourable to her. A fullen gloom pervaded his countenance, and he often gazed at ELINOR with a sort of silent, but watchful earnestness; while to the Count he now and then cast a glance of something like disdainful humiliation.

When the dancing was to begin, DE SANTERRE took ELINOR's hand, but she withdrew it, saying softly, "I cannot indeed dance!"

'How, Madam!' said the Count. 'Nay, this must not be.'

"Beware, Count," returned ELINOR, waving her hand repulsively, and retiring from him, "the gentlest spirit will rise against cruelty."

SANTERRE,

SANTERRE, for the first time in his life, felt awed by the dignity of virtue in a girl who had shewed such noble resolution in resisting tyranny. He yielded her hand, saying, as he bowed submissively, "Beauteous ELINOR! you shall be indulged;" and at her desire accepted another partner.

ELINOR now moved to a distance, and going round to the verge of the lawn, entered a shrubbery, that Madame, in the first years of her retirement, had taken much pains to cultivate and stock with the most beautiful shrubs, as well foreign as others.

A sand-walk led through it, over-arched by the myrtle and laurel-rose. ELINOR pursued the path slowly, and in silence: the refreshing fragrance of the flowers, and the singing of the birds, stole on her wearied senses, and gave her a sort of sad tranquillity. She had now sauntered on

to a kind of wilderness: the spiral form of the cypress and poplar, and the deep green of the yew, were contrasted with the spreading chestnut, the bay, and the light foliage of the accacia, the weeping-birch, and willow, that dipped its silver leaves and pendent branches in the stream. Here she sat down on the grass, and was for a time interested by the scene. The river flowed peacefully by the shore, reflecting the dark and impending rocks that rose on the opposite bank. A few old trees, whose roots found a place in the clefts, spread their wild branches around, overshadowing an inconsiderable spring that fell gurgling from the precipice, the summit of which was crowned with a grove of pine and larch, with some oak and mountain-ash intermixed, that diffused an air of grandeur. On the other side, through a vista, the chateau was indistinctly seen; and from the lawn, on which
 persons

persons were passing and repassing, proceeded the sprightly music of the pipe and tambourine: sometimes it ceased, and only a faint hum was heard in the breeze.

ELINOR rose, and continued her walk, till, on turning round an abrupt angle, she perceived before her the majestic ruins of St. AUSTIN's abbey lit up by the declining rays of the setting sun, that, glancing obliquely over the surrounding woods, fixed, with a radiant glow, on the half demolished tower of the monastery.

ELINOR could not resist the desire she felt once more to revisit a spot consecrated as it were by memory and fancy to HENRY; as the place where she first saw him, and felt those sensations of regard, which, how painful soever, were yet dear to her heart.

Slowly she proceeded, and the sun, now set, had left only a streak of rich crimson in the western sky, when she reached the

F 2

cloisters.

cloisters. She started! she uttered a faint shriek, and HENRY caught her in his arms. Speech was denied to both, till at length HENRY, recollecting himself, said, detaining her, "Hear me, ELINOR, "for the last time! But for a few moments will I trespass on your goodness "and peace. Why thus alarmed? Fear "me not, angelic girl! Consider me no "longer as your lover, but as a tender, "faithful friend: one who would save "you from every danger. Do not then "deny me the sweet consolation of serving "you."

"What danger threatens me, Sir?" said ELINOR faltering. "Wherefore do you "return to disturb the tranquillity so lately "restored to me? except like ——."

"Cruel, injurious woman!" cried HENRY, in a voice of disappointment and anguish, "How have I deserved to be "suspected of acting a part so base? By
"heaven,

“ heaven, ELINOR, nothing but my fears
 “ for your honour and safety should have
 “ induced me again to intrude into your
 “ presence. Had you heard me in the
 “ pavilion to-day, all had been well. I
 “ should now have been far away, and
 “ this renewed alarm been spared you.

“ ELINOR! I fear to wound you by
 “ my tale; yet you must hear it, or fall
 “ a victim to your ignorance.”

Already much agitated, ELINOR nearly
 sunk under this mysterious warning of
 danger: the effect of which, on the coun-
 tenance of her lover, proved its reality.
 Almost fainting, she conjured him to ex-
 plain himself. But the state in which he
 beheld her, rendered him incapable. He
 lost, in a moment, his guarded calmness,
 and pressing her to his heart, forgot the
 purpose of this interview.

“ Oh, why!” exclaimed he, “ is this
 “ cruel task assigned me? Why, fondly

“adoring you, must I destroy your repose?

“Yet my barbarous fate compels it. Be

“composed, my angel, and let me not

“leave you thus.

“ELINOR, you distract me! say to me,

“my worshipped love, that you forgive

“me for all the anguish I have caused

“you, by my fatal fondness! Only tell

“me, that I am not the object of your

“abhorrence.”

‘Oh, too surely you are not!’ replied
the weeping ELINOR. Then raising her

head from his shoulder, ‘But leave me,

‘HENRY! I shall be better when you are

‘gone. I am very well: go, go!’

The insensate calmness with which she
said this, putting him from her with her
hand, and the vacancy of her eye, that
no tear moistened, terrified her lover more
than the most violent paroxysms of sorrow
could have done.

“Do

“ Do not send me from you,” he cried,
 “ I cannot go and leave you in this dread-
 “ ful state. Your danger ———.”

‘ No!’ said ELINOR, in a low unconsci-
 ous voice.

HENRY now feared her reason was
 giving way, and, extremely alarmed, tried
 to make her weep.

“ Farewell!” said he, “ I go, ELINOR!
 “ go to a far distant land. To wander
 “ where not even fancy can follow me.
 “ Will you not, then, cruel as you are,
 “ give me a hope, that when I am away
 “ you will sometimes send a sigh after the
 “ lonely exile? Sometimes a wish for his
 “ return! Can you refuse me this poor
 “ consolation in my misfortunes?”

The tenderness of his accents recalled
 ELINOR to sensibility; and tears having
 a little relieved her, ‘ Oh, HENRY!’ cried
 she, ‘ you have wrung a heart entirely
 ‘ your own. Heaven is my witness, I

‘ have not a wish but to be yours; but,
 ‘ since our destiny forbids it, here let us
 ‘ part, and cherish the remembrance of
 ‘ each other.’

At that moment they heard voices in the air, and listening, they presently distinguished footsteps in one of the little chapels of the aisle, and the persons behind seemed to talk in a low tone. HENRY caught the hand of ELINOR, and hurried her, breathless, and almost unconscious, along the cloisters to where a carriage was in waiting. A servant let down the step, and HENRY saying, “ Here only is “ safety!” was going to lift her into it, when she started from him, and indignation taking the place of terror in her beautiful features, with a disdainful air, and retreating, she said, ‘ Away, Sir! ‘ whence this detention? let go my hand!’

“ No, ELINOR! chance favours my
 “ wishes, and you must leave this place,
 “ which teems with danger.”

Anger and pride restored to ELINOR that firmness of which love and sorrow had deprived her, and with a glance of ineffable contempt, endeavouring to get free, (for he held both her hands) she said, ‘ My danger, Sir, lies in my confidence in a deceiver! A base, unworthy plotter! But your arts have failed, and laid you open to contempt and detestation.’

“ Merciful God, ELINOR! and can you so soon receive an ill impression of me, from the concurrence of chances? But I will return to Loncilles with you; proclaim to your parents, and my rival, that you are mine by every tender tie.”

‘ Do so, Sir,’ retorted the indignant ELINOR, ‘ you will merit thanks, for blasting the fame of one you endeavoured to injure, as a reward for trusting your specious professions.’

“On my soul, ELINOR,” cried HENRY, in torture, “you wrong me. How shall I convince you that appearances deceive you?”

“By instantly releasing me, and never again attempting to see me,” replied ELINOR, with the dignity of offended virtue, pride, and love.

“Cruel ELINOR!” cried HENRY. “But hard as is the task, (since that alone will testify my innocence) I will obey you. Farewell! and let my submission plead to you in my favour at some future time.”

In all the frenzy of passionate anguish, he pressed her hands to his lips, and giving her a look of hopeless despair, he flung himself into the carriage, and drove off. Now, convinced of his innocence, ELINOR would (had it been possible) have recalled him. She remained for some moments inanimate, and almost insensible, till
a man's

a man's voice, that almost at her ear pronounced, "Alas! my poor master!" made her start.

It was PHILIPPE, a Neapolitan servant, whom gratitude had attached to HENRY. He was an honest, talkative, blundering fellow, who looked on his master as something more than a human creature; and HENRY regarded him highly, though his simplicity made him an uncomfortable attendant; yet PHILIPPE wanted not sense.

"He is mad, Mademoiselle," continued PHILIPPE; "and now the Count will know that he came back, and will never see my dear master any more."

'Oh, he already knows it!' cried ELIZABETH, in agony, 'we heard him this moment in the cloisters.'

"No, Mademoiselle, *that* you did not," returned PHILIPPE; "my fellow-servant, JACQUES, and myself, were there, and we could not see him. But don't cry so, Mademoiselle,

“ Mademoiselle, my master will come to
 “ no harm, I hope; and pity he should,
 “ for he is the very best of men. If he
 “ had not, Mademoiselle, I should never
 “ have left my own country to follow him,
 “ and ventured my neck on those nasty
 “ mountains. No, no: I should have
 “ staid quietly at Naples, and minded my
 “ trade, which he put me in the way to
 “ do, God bless him. It would do your
 “ heart good, Mademoiselle, to see our
 “ bay: it is the finest in the world, and
 “ people come far and near to see it.”

Again PHILIPPE besought ELINOR not
 to cry so; but she only wept the more,
 while the poor fellow talked on.

“ Never fear, my dear lady, we shall
 “ see happy days yet; for my master is
 “ not one of those, that it is, ‘ out of
 “ fight, out of mind,’ with. No, Made-
 “ moiselle: he is so kind-hearted. I re-
 “ member once that he went to Turin,
 “ with

" with my Lord, the Marquis DE JULIEN.
 " Poor little Bibette (you know, Made-
 " moiselle, the little dog that always fol-
 " lows him) had broke his leg, and was
 " left behind with me, at the castle: and
 " my master never wrote to my Lord, the
 " Count, that he did not enquire for Bi-
 " bette. But he loves you, Mademoiselle,
 " all to nothing better than Bibette. By
 " the bye, it was more for the sake of the
 " sweet lady who gave him the dog, that
 " he was so fond of it: just, Mademoiselle,
 " as he loves the little bunch of violets,
 " that I suppose you gave him; and sure
 " one might better take his purse than
 " them."

Ah, simple PHILIPPE! what now avails
 thy honest attachment to thy master,
 since thy eloquence has destroyed him
 with her whom he adores?

ELINOR possessed quick sensibility; and
 possibly the manner in which she had been
 brought

brought up, had added force to an imagination naturally strong: but she now perceived, or what was pretty nearly the same, fancied she perceived the whole plan concerted by HENRY.

She was convinced that JAQUES had been ordered by his master to alarm her; and that the mysterious indication of danger was meant to facilitate the plot to get her into his power: for it seemed evident that the carriage was brought to the abbey for no other purpose than to carry her from thence. It was plain too, that he had spoken of her to his servants, and boasted of gifts she had never bestowed: nor is it improbable, that she was induced to judge thus harshly, by what PHILIPPE had said of the sweet young lady, the former mistress of the favoured Bibette, who had certainly been at one time the object of his regards.

Had

Had ELINOR known the character of HENRY, she might have accounted for those circumstances without a thought to his dishonour. But, though she ardently loved him, their short acquaintance did not admit her having that dependance on, and esteem for him, that would have led her, however appearances were against him, to have trusted to his faith and delicacy. It is thus too often that the heart is lost beyond retrieval, before the understanding has had time to judge of the merits of the possessor. ELINOR now fancied the unworthiness of her lover had cured her attachment to him; and leaving PHILIPPE to his meditations, took the way to the lawn, where the company were still dancing by the light of the moon.

The indignation that had at first supported ELINOR soon subsided, and she felt the bitterest sensations arising from the
disappointment

disappointment in her belief of the virtue of him she loved.

The gaiety of the dancers afforded not with her feelings, and she therefore passed on to a large chesnut-tree, planted by the river side, and sat down on a seat formed beneath its shade, where she indulged her melancholy reflections. The scene was suited to her sadness. The mild splendour of the moon-beam slept upon the landscape, and sparkled in silver radiance on the water, that, rippling in the current, glanced more brightly than even at a distance where it tumbled over masses of rock. The high sloping bank was involved in deep shadow, increased by the trees scattered over it, and only, when the light breeze shivered among their leaves, admitted the trembling moon-light.

The Count, who had seen ELINOR cross the foot of the lawn to go to her favourite chesnut, followed her thither.

He

He seated himself by her, and began to make professions of violent love, to which ELINOR paid little or no attention; but when he rudely attempted to embrace her, with expressions of anger she retreated from him; but the Count throwing his arms round her, attempted to kiss her bosom. She shrieked violently, and LUSIGNAN immediately appeared: when breaking from the Count, ELINOR ran to him, and intreated his protection. Supporting her in his arms, he said, “How
“is this, my Lord? wherefore this brutal violence?”

‘No matter,’ the Count replied, ‘I
‘thought you knew the sex better than
‘to mind their cries.—Begone!’

“My Lord,” resumed LUSIGNAN, a little irritated, “you have insulted my
“daughter.”

‘Insulted! Your daughter! Oh! pious
‘LUSIGNAN,’ said the Count, sneering
maliciously,

maliciously, and again catching hold of the terrified ELINOR, who screamed more loudly; 'Begone, I tell thee: leave her to me!'

"No, Count!" replied LUSIGNAN indignantly. "Villain as you have made me, the paternal name must be held sacred; and shall, though my life were endangered."

'Perhaps it may,' cried DE SANTERRE with added wrath: 'perhaps it may, if I am not obeyed. I tell thee, LUSIGNAN, thou mayest repent this.'

"Never," returned LUSIGNAN. "And know, proud Lord! I fear thee not. But, Count, a time may come, when injured innocence may enjoy a day of retribution on thee and me."

'Villain!' cried the Count, drawing his sword, and making a furious pass at LUSIGNAN, who supported his daughter (who had fainted) with one hand, while
with

with the other he parried the thrust. By some chance the point of the sword wounded ELINOR in the arm, and the Count made a hasty retreat, on the approach of some persons whom ELINOR's shrieks had brought to the spot. They now bore her into the house, and a day, devoted to festivity, ended in warfare and blood.

Thus terminated this project of marrying ELINOR, (which had cost her so many tears;) for the name of the Count was no more mentioned, and he seemed totally forgotten by the inhabitants of Loncilles.



CHAP. VIII.

Whilst well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

THOMSON.

ELINOR's wound was soon healed, and she restored to as much tranquillity as the remembrance of HENRY would permit her to enjoy: for still, with all the sophistry of love, she found an excuse for thinking on him perpetually. She regarded his supposed virtues with religious veneration, and could not blame herself for thinking on him as a deceased friend.

“Thou art dead to me, HENRY!” would she say; “but thy image, with the
“goodness that first endeared it to me,
“may still live in my remembrance.”

About

About this time there was a report circulated, and universally credited by the peasants around, that the chateau was haunted. It arose from some unaccountable noises (not uncommon in old buildings, where passages and galleries innumerable lead from room to room) heard at night by the servants, in the precincts of the gallery leading along the east wing of the chateau; which, though it contained the most superb suite of apartments, had for many years been deserted, except by the housekeeper, whose chamber was at the head of the great stair-case on that side. She at first used to be disturbed by very unaccountable noises along the gallery, into which a number of doors opened, and in the range of apartments below: at last her superstitious terrors depriving her of all peace when in her chamber, she used to solicit the inferior woman to sleep with her. They also were
alarmed

alarmed by those (to them, supernatural) noises; and wanting the prudence, or pride of MARATHON, complained loudly of the annoyance of what they called unquiet spirits.

No sooner is a ghost spoken of in the mansion of the Seigneur, than every ear is open to tidings of wonder, and every peasant begins to talk to his neighbour of apparitions. This was the case in the environs of Loncilles, and many were the marvellous tales repeated, all tending to prove, not only the existence of ghosts, but that the chateau was really haunted.

The housekeeper at length informed her mistress of those mighty gambols of the spirits of the dead in the east gallery, and declared she could no longer think of sleeping in their neighbourhood.

“ Ridiculous!” said Madame, when told of it by the woman herself, who desired to have another chamber. “ How
“ comes

“ comes it, MARATHON, that you, whom
 “ I always looked upon as a person of
 “ understanding, should not only credit,
 “ but assert such silly things? That JEAN-
 “ NETTE or THERESA should indulge
 “ those absurd fears would not astonish
 “ me: but that you, who have been in
 “ Paris, should ——! Prithee, good
 “ MARATHON, let me hear no more of
 “ this. What would your master say,
 “ were it to come to his ears?”

‘ I would not willingly disoblige him,’
 replied she; ‘ but in the case of a ghost,
 ‘ you know, Madame ——.’

“ A ghost!” repeated her mistress, with
 an air of incredulity and derision.

‘ Yes, Madame!’ returned MARATHON,
 somewhat nettled, ‘ there are ghosts, I
 ‘ suppose.’

“ I am by no means certain of it, my
 “ good woman,” said Madame, smiling at
 the warmth of her manner.

‘ Nay,

‘Nay, Madame!’ resumed the housekeeper, ‘you may, if you please, deny that the spirits of the dead walk; but I bless God, and St. Martha, I have no doubts.’

‘Dear heart, Madame!’ she continued, in a persuasive tone, and almost crying, ‘why JEANNETTE and THERESA have not only heard it, but LOPEZ and M. LA FORCE, and all the men, my lady; and would sooner lose their places than venture into the east gallery after nightfall.’

In fine, the housekeeper, who had lived many years in the family, and was a valuable servant, declared her intention of immediately departing, if she was not allowed another chamber.

“Will mine content you, MARATHON?” said ELINOR, (who was in the room, and saw her mother was distressed at the thought of losing so comfortable a domestic, though she did not care, by indulging

dulging her, to give strength to those reports she wished might not reach the ears of her husband) “it adjoins my mother’s, “and she will protect you from ghosts.”

‘But yourself, Mademoiselle?’

“Oh, fear not for me!” cried ELINOR; “I am conscious of being innocent, and “therefore fear not evil spirits; which, “however, I do not believe visit the “earth. And, with your permission, “Mamma, I will remove to the chamber “at the farthest extremity of this re- “doubted gallery, from the windows of “which there is a delightful prospect.”

MARATHON tried to convince her young lady of the folly she was committing, in thus defying the malice of a ghost, but in vain; and she then gladly accepted the accommodation of the chamber. Some trifling excuse was invented to account to LUSIGNAN for the change; and that very night ELINOR retreated to her

new apartment at the end of the east gallery. Notwithstanding the turbulence of the ghosts, ELINOR slept extremely well; but the beams of the sun, through her unshuttered casement, awoke her at an early hour the next morning, and rising, she surveyed her chamber more accurately than she had yet done.

It was large, and the furniture, though antique, comfortable. Inside the bedroom was a dressing-room, spacious also, but old-fashioned. The windows, of which there were two in the side, and one in the end of the room, were high and narrow, but descending almost to the floor. The side windows commanded a large spreading prospect of the valley; with the faintly-seen mountains, bounding it, on the opposite shore of the lake, whose blue waters extended far in the landscape; and on whose tranquil bosom the white-sailed boats were often seen gliding; at times
concealed

concealed by the intervening woods, and then stealing from behind them, and swiftly cutting the smooth expanse that glittered in the sunbeam. The end window looked only to the dark and barren hills, that there closed in the valley; at their feet the thick woods extended their shade almost to the chateau; and in the midst of them the magnificent ruin of the monastery threw an air of solemn grandeur over the scenery.

In contemplating those objects, ELINOR felt a thousand sensations, so various, so distressing, that to describe were impossible; but the remembrance of HENRY was inseparably connected with them. When, however, a little accustomed to behold the place where she had first seen, and last parted with him, it ceased to give her pain; but inspired a sort of tempered sadness, which, perhaps, she preferred, in the then state of her affections, to animated

gaiety: so that, if she *ever* did, she soon ceased to regret leaving her old apartment.

She delighted of an evening to sit at the window playing on her lute or harp, and singing, watching the slowly-sinking sun illuminate, with a vermeil glow, the towers of the abbey; and then the varying tints, the deepening twilight, cast on every object, till night often surprised her, while occupied with the contemplations they gave rise to.

Here too she often delighted to trace with her pencil the soft features of the landscape; and cultivated a talent for poetry, which is commonly found a companion to a taste for drawing. In *ELINOR* it was the effusion of natural genius, confined by no rules but those of inborn taste, and distinguished only by that sensibility and simplicity that marked her character, improved by education.

CHAP. IX.

KATE is craz'd!

COWPER

ONE evening, that ELINOR was sitting as usual at her window, the ideas rising in quick succession to her fancy, she composed the following

SONNET TO THE EVENING.

HAIL, pensive Ev'ning! mild and solemn queen!
 Parent of dews, and gentle shadow, hail!
 Now steals thy dusky softness o'er the scene,
 And misty vapour clouds the dark'ning vale:
 A fading crimson faintly tints the sky,
 And the mild moon, in majesty serene
 And trembling radiance, 'gins to mount on high,
 Striking with partial light the distant scene.
 Around reposing nature seems to sleep;
 Save the dull bat, that borne on leathern wing,
 In giddy circles hovers o'er the steep;
 And the faint murmur of yon bubbling spring.
 Silence, propitious to the gentle pow'r
 Of lonely musing, marks the tranquil hour.

ELINOR sung those lines, accompanied by her lute, to a little plaintive air that OLIVIA had composed, and taught her, during her residence in the convent. This naturally brought that beloved friend to her remembrance; and she continued to ruminate on the various events that had happened since her departure from that tranquil abode, where she had passed her happy childhood. Her thoughts then, as they usually did, recurred to HENRY, and almost unobserved even the faint twilight faded from the sky. A mild solemn grey involved every object in the vale, and the moon only, at times, streamed through floating clouds. ELINOR, though roused from her reverie, did not, however, leave the window, but sat with her eye fixed on the dubious form of ST. AUSTIN'S abbey, which was hardly distinguishable in the gloom. Suddenly a light flashed on the west end of the ruin, which seemed

to

to proceed from the shattered window over the entrance. An appearance so unusual interested the curiosity of ELINOR, and she continued to watch for a repetition of it, till she began to fancy she had been deceived by her imagination, impressed by the silent gloom of the hour, and that in reality no light had appeared. She was going from the window, when a brighter flash than the preceding again drew her attention; and as she was considering what could be the meaning of it, she observed a strong light issue from the entrance, and pass along the cloisters to the end, where it vanished. The figure of the person who bore it was concealed by the tops of the trees; but the light glared with a red glow on the part of the wall that rose above the woods. ELINOR anxiously waited its return, but near an hour elapsed, and all remaining dark, she closed the casement. As she lightly step-

ped to the door leading into her bed-chamber, she fancied she heard a noise in the apartments below, (which had long been uninhabited and shut up) but it ceased before she could ascertain its reality. She listened, and again thought she heard it repeated; and she now almost dreaded to encounter alone passing through the gallery, where sounds, such as had struck her ear, had been so often heard. Ashamed of indulging her weakness, and knowing she must either go down stairs, or remain in darkness, she hastily crossed her bed-chamber. As she laid her hand on the lock, she imagined she distinguished a noise similar to what she had before heard in the rooms underneath. She hesitated; and then opening the door, cast a fearful glance along the narrow passage. A flash of light gleamed on the ceiling of the gallery, and ELINOR, now overcome by terror, sunk on a chair by the door. In a moment

ment her maid entered the room with a lamp in her hand, which ELINOR now perceived had occasioned her last alarm.

To her enquiry of what was the matter JEANNETTE replied, that her master had sent her to inform her supper was ready, and to desire her not to go into her mother's room, as she had gone to bed unwell.

Surprised at finding the hour of supper arrived, she hastened down stairs, and found her father waiting for her. He spoke that night with unusual vivacity; but his cheerfulness did not seem to come from the heart; for often forgetting what he would say, a sudden thoughtfulness overspread his features, till recollecting himself, he again assumed a gay air. ELINOR did not observe this, for she felt uneasy about Madame's illness, and thought of nothing else.

When she retired for the night, on entering her apartment, what she had seen and heard struck on her mind, and she fearfully looked towards the ruin, expecting to see it illuminated again.

The moon was now shining very brightly, and it was a still night: every thing was perfectly serene, and only at intervals the breeze rustled softly among the foliage of the trees; and the low murmur of the river was distinctly heard. ELINOR went to a window that overlooked the valley: the moon-beam glanced on the water in a stream of sparkling light, and shone full on the sails of a boat that was seen skimming over the lake close to the shore. Opening the casement, she fancied she heard music, and listening attentively, found she was right, and that it proceeded from the lake. A strain of simple melancholy harmony stole on the silence of night; and it seemed the tones were those
of

of a French-horn, and sometimes an oboë. After awhile attending to it, ELINOR closed the casement, and returned to her bed-chamber, where her maid still waited: after apologizing for keeping her so long, she began to undress.

“Lack-a-day, Ma’mfelle!” said JEANNETTE, “sure you have a strange fancy: looking at the moon! So mournful! “I never see any body do so, but it puts me in mind of my poor cousin CATHERINE: and then I could cry, Ma’mfelle!”

“And why so, JEANNETTE?” interrogated ELINOR, “not sorry that the girl seemed inclined to prolong her stay. Is your cousin, whom you speak of, dead?”

“Alas! aye, Ma’mfelle: she was crossed in love, and died, as one may say, quite out of her mind.”

“How long since?” enquired ELINOR.

“Ah, Ma’mfelle! not a very many years ago. It is not quite five since she
“took

“ took on bad: but long before that, she
 “ was far from well. Not right in her
 “ head, I think. She used to love mightily
 “ to stray about the fields and woods by
 “ herself, when the moon shone bright;
 “ and she would look up at it, and cry;
 “ and sigh so, Ma’mfelle, it would melt
 “ you.

“ At last she took a fancy that she
 “ would never leave the cottage even for a
 “ minute, but sat in her own little room,
 “ and seemed quite stupid. Then, at
 “ night, instead of going to bed, she
 “ would open the casement, and if the
 “ moon was not to be seen, she would
 “ gaze at the stars, and talk the strangest
 “ things, that sometimes we did not un-
 “ derstand: for she spoke Spanish oftener
 “ than French. Indeed I may say, Spain
 “ was her country, for she went to live
 “ there when very young, and did not re-
 “ turn

“ turn till about six years ago; and she
 “ was then an elderly woman.

“ But as I was a saying, Ma'mfelle, she
 “ used to behave so oddly, that her pa-
 “ rents began to fear she might do herself
 “ a mischief; and so sent for me to stay
 “ with her, and see she came to no harm.
 “ Well, Ma'mfelle, my poor mother (she
 “ was alive then: GOD rest her soul) had
 “ no liking to let me go; as I was so
 “ young, and very fearful besides; and
 “ seeing CATHERINE was mad, or as
 “ good. But since my uncle would have
 “ me, I went; and used to lie with poor
 “ CATHERINE: for when I was there,
 “ she used to go to bed, but never, as I
 “ think, sleep. For let me wake when
 “ I would, I was sure to find her awake
 “ too, talking to herself, or lamenting.

“ And several times I caught her walk-
 “ ing about the room; and once kneeling
 “ on the floor, looking up to heaven. I
 “ cried

“cried out, to be sure, to see her, and
 “she then started up, and said in a ho-
 “low voice, (like one speaking out of the
 “grave, I thought, Ma’mfelle) ‘Enough!
 “enough! when shall I have peace? when
 “shall my punishment end? when shall I
 “escape from such horrors?’

“With that, Ma’mfelle, she screamed so
 “shrill, that it rung in my ears, and always
 “will, I believe; for such an outcry as
 “she made the rest of the night, I never
 “heard. After this my uncle was mind-
 “ed to send her to a convent, where she
 “might have the prayers of the good
 “sisters for her senses. But in less than
 “a week she came back again, for the
 “nuns would not take charge of her.
 “She then took to her old ways; and one
 “night, I remember, I missed her from
 “my side, and jumping up, there was
 “poor CATHERINE in a fit on the floor.

“We

"We brought her to life, Ma'mselle,
"but she never spoke more, and died in
"three days raving mad."

JEANNETTE dropt a tear to the memory
of her unhappy cousin, and ELINOR said,
'But from what you have told me, JEAN-
'NETTE, it is by no means ascertained
'that she was, as you say, "crossed in
"love."

"Yet, for all that, she was, Ma'mselle:
"for what else could make her take on
"so as she did?"

'Then you really had no certainty of
'it, and only judged from appearances?"

"We had nothing else to judge from,
"Ma'mselle; but sure the thing was plain
"enough."

While she was speaking, the great clock
of the chateau struck twelve, and presently
after that at the end of the east gallery
struck also. JEANNETTE started.

"As

“ As sure as I am alive, Ma’mfelle, there
“ is twelve o’clock.”

‘ You are surpris’d to find it so late,’
said ELINOR.

“ No, Ma’mfelle! not so much fright-
“ ened; but then ———.”

‘ I did not say you were frightened,
‘ JEANNETTE. For what reason is there
‘ for being alarmed now more than at any
‘ other time?’

“ What, Ma’mfelle! do you forget that
“ the gallery is haunted? and that —.”

‘ I cannot,’ replied ELINOR, rather
gravely, ‘ forget that of which I never
‘ believed the existence: and pray, JEAN-
‘ NETTE, do not talk to me any more
‘ about ghosts, since I am not so silly as to
‘ give credit to such fables.’

“ Why, Ma’mfelle, do you not believe
“ that there have been strange noises heard
“ in the chateau?”

ELINOR

ELINOR now recollecting those she had herself heard, internally shuddered; but unwilling to increase the superstitious terrors of JEANNETTE, she said, ‘Those noises, if such there were, might better be attributed to the wind, that in places so long forsaken causes sounds for which we cannot account; but which should not persuade us arise from the gallery being haunted.’

“Hark!” cried JEANNETTE, with a look of apprehension. “Perhaps too, Ma’mfelle, you’ll tell me *that* was the “wind?”

‘What!’ said ELINOR, ‘I heard nothing.’

“No! ah, there it is again, Ma’mfelle! just as if somebody were opening and shutting the doors underneath. Holy virgin! Ma’mfelle.”

‘Your fears deceive you,’ said ELINOR. ‘How can the doors below be opened or
‘shut,

‘that, since no person ventures into those
‘apartments?’

“For that very reason, Ma’mfelle,”
cried JEANNETTE eagerly. “No person
“in their senses would go into places
“where there are ghosts, I am sure;
“for ———.”

‘Well, well, my good simpleton!’ in-
terrupted her mistress, who could not
help smiling, ‘I will not ask you to stay
‘any longer within hearing of those ter-
‘rific sounds.’

“You will not ask me to stay, Ma’m-
“felle; but you forget, that to go away,
“I must pass through that long uncom-
“fortable gallery alone: and if I should
“see any thing.”

‘But you will *not* see any thing, except
‘your own shadow; though even that, I
‘imagine, would be sufficient to terrify
‘you.’

“You

“ You and Madame,” replied the girl,
 “ may laugh at ghosts, if you will, Ma’m-
 “ felle; but I cannot pass that gallery
 “ alone; I would sooner lie here on the
 “ floor all night.”

‘ How! and brave all the terrors of the
 ‘ noises below!’

“ Why, Ma’mfelle, with you I should
 “ not so much mind.”

‘ But, JEANNETTE,’ resumed ELINOR
 arshly, ‘ your danger would thence be
 ‘ greater. For those who have filled your
 ‘ head with all this stuff, have doubtless
 ‘ informed you, that evil spirits are always
 ‘ peculiarly malicious to unbelievers. How-
 ‘ ever, will it satisfy you if I go with you
 ‘ to the end of the gallery?’

As she spoke, she rose, and took up
 the lamp; and JEANNETTE, ashamed to
 persist in her folly, said she was content
 that ELINOR should accompany her to the
 head of the stairs, where she left her.

In

In turning to go back to her chamber ELINOR felt a sensation, the unpleasantness of which she could not conquer, and would not indulge. As she stepped lightly along the gallery, she saw a faint gleam of light, proceeding, as she thought, from a door next to her own; but she did not regard it, and on coming to that door she perceived it closing gently.

She was very much alarmed at this at first, but at the moment a gust of wind arose that she was convinced had only shook the door; and conscious how easily fancy might then impose on her, she hurried to bed, and by applying to herself what she had said to JEANNETTE, tried to sleep, and at last succeeded.



CHAP. X.

THOUGH the morning was far advanced before ELINOR could close her eyes, it was early when she awoke; and remembering the occurrences of the preceding night, she endeavoured to argue away her fears on that subject.

“ Shall I,” said she to herself, “ be
“ displeased at the visionary terrors of a
“ poor girl like JEANNETTE, who has
“ never been taught the propriety of
“ controuling them; yet suffer my own
“ peace to be disturbed by fancies as little
“ consistent with reason?” She therefore
determined to go through and examine
every room in the suite below, and convince herself of their being untenanted; for of ghosts she had not the least idea.

She

She first, however, resolved to explore the room next to her own, where she had imagined she saw the light. The lock of the door seemed defective, and opened easily: ELINOR, entering a room totally stripped of its furniture, looked round it; and perceiving not the slightest trace of any one having been lately in it, left it, to proceed on her search. In passing the gallery she happened to look over the banister, and she discerned a faint shadow glide along the wall of the north hall, and immediately heard a door close gently.

What could tempt any person (if the imperfect form she had seen were really human) to enter those rooms she could not conceive; but almost certain it was one of the servants, she quickened her pace, and soon reached the first door. It opened with ease, and admitted her into a magnificent saloon, hung with tapestry. She was now convinced that in reality no
 person

person was in the rooms, since she had followed the supposed intruder so quick, that it was impossible for them to have passed through the saloon before she entered it. Curiosity induced her to stop and admire the tapestry. Though the colours were in some places faded, it was very beautiful; and the Spanish verses underneath the figures, informed ELINOR that the scenes were taken from the legendary tales of the Moors in Spain. In one place the gallant SAAVEDRA was depicted engaging with the hostile Renegado; and the death of the heroic ALPHONSO. At another, the disastrous tale of the "Fair MORISCO" was enwoven with spirit and expression.

The chairs and couches were of velvet, fringed with gold and silk; and the high backs, with the legs, (in the form of claws) were covered with gilding. From thence ELINOR passed on to the next room, which
seemed

seemed an antichamber. Several pictures ornamented the walls, of which many were portraits. One was of a man in armour: his helmet (over-shadowed by plumes of a deep crimson colour) stood on the ground at his feet: he held a lance in his hand, and was drawn leaning against one of the pillars of a portico, with his horse, caparisoned for war, in the back-ground. His face was regularly handsome; his figure striking and majestic; and he was represented as in the prime of life. But a sort of fierceness seemed to flash from his piercing black eyes, rendered more striking by full black brows, that caused ELINOR to feel a kind of awe as she gazed on it, mingled with curiosity respecting the original, whom she was convinced was not unknown to her. Unable, however, to recall to mind where she had seen a countenance resembling this, she passed on to another apartment. The hangings of
this

this were of pale blue silk, and the furniture white satin, curiously embroidered. The canopy of the bed, which was black with the dust of years, rose very high, and the curtains were festooned up to it with cords of blue and silver, now tarnished with damp. The door from this room to the next was not opposite to that of the antichamber, but on one side; and as ELINOR was going to open it, another door near the bed drew her attention. It was fastened, but shook under her hand, and she, without difficulty, forced it open. She entered a small room, at one end of which was a window that descended to the floor, in the fashion of an oriel. The view from it was confined, but beautiful; up a narrow dell, shaded with trees, whose forms were singularly picturesque, and terminating in a rustic building resembling a hermitage. Turning from the window, ELINOR saw a picture; and as that in

the anti-room interested her curiosity, this did something more. It was that of a lady in a deep mourning habit, over which her fair hair hung in disordered luxuriance, partly covered by a thin black veil, that falling down on one side, half concealed the face of a child she held in her arms; and in whose infant features there was so strong a resemblance to the perfect beauty of the lady, as left not a doubt of her being its mother. There was a mild languor in the pale and contemplative countenance of the latter, and in the soft eyes cast upwards, as she clasped the sleeping cherub, blooming as an angel, to her bosom. The attitude in which she was drawn, conveying an idea of tenderness and sensibility, was so graceful; the melancholy smile, and the meek devotion expressed in her eyes, were so touching, that ELINOR gazed on it with a sad sort of delight. Under this picture stood a table, and

and opposite to it a magnificent cabinet. On the table lay a standish with pens, a black-lead pencil, a few broken crayons, and a paper, on which some person had been attempting a sketch of the scenery from the oriel. ELINOR did not disturb them, but turned to the cabinet; it was open, and she drew out one of the drawers. It seemed to contain only papers, and some trinkets belonging to a woman, which proved its inhabitant had been a female of no mean order: ELINOR took up a string of beautiful pearls, and then perceived there was a miniature picture of a gentleman attached to them. The features, though not yet ripened into manhood, had a pensive sweetness in them, that rendered them, though not regular, interesting. ELINOR was, however, just going to replace it, when it struck her as being very like that which sister OLIVIA had shewn her as the resemblance of her bro-

ther ALBERT DE RIVIERA, though this must have been painted many years before the other. Something flashed on her mind, and she turned to the large picture for conviction; but it afforded her none. For a moment she thought it had a likeness to that of CLARA DE MONTAUBAN; but a second look satisfied her that it could never have been designed for her. In a state of perplexity, from which she could not extricate her mind, she laid the miniature in the drawer, and proceeded on her investigation of the rooms. The next door opened into a short gallery, at the end of which another door appeared. She opened it, and passing through a room pannelled with mirrors, she went into the adjoining one, which was spacious, dark, and hung with deep purple damask: a paltry bed, very much faded and discoloured, and covered with the webs of many generations of spiders, stood in a corner,

corner, and a few chairs were ranged along the walls. The casements were small, and placed too high to look out of; but from the manner in which the sun shone on them, ELINOR formed a probable conjecture, that this room, which terminated the suite, was immediately under her dressing-room. Tolerably well satisfied that no person either was, or had lately been, in those apartments, she now returned; but in repassing the saloon, her dress was caught by a part of the frame of an old-fashioned marble table; and as she stopped to disengage it, she observed in the dust that thickly covered the table, some unmeaning scrawls, delineated with a finger, and felt a terror she found herself unable to combat. Her mind was, when she reached her room, a chaos of doubt, perplexity, and alarm: for not one of which sensations could she reasonably account. At one moment she thought

on the picture of the warrior, and tried in memory to retrace features that seemed so familiar to her: at another she recurred to that of the lady, and in vain sought in fancy an owner for that beautiful and Madona-like countenance.

She wished much to know to whom the chateau belonged: she knew it was not the property of her father; but she knew nothing more on that subject. She was, however, much surprised that those rooms had hitherto escaped examination, as it was evident they had, from the cabinet being as she found it; and she still more wondered at the doors being all unlocked. As to the miniature, she had no doubt that it represented ALBERT DE RIVIERA; though what connexion subsisted between the former inhabitant of Loncilles, and the noble unfortunate Portuguese, she could not divine. She now remembered that the drawer containing the picture was
partly

partly filled with papers, and she determined (however repugnant to her notions of duty) to be entirely silent on the subject to her parents, till she had an opportunity again to enter the closet, and bring from thence the picture and papers, and whatever else might be supposed to aid her in the developement of the mystery, which so many concurring circumstances induced her to believe hung over those apartments.

Madame having still some remains of her last night's indisposition, did not rise at her usual hour, so that LUSIGNAN and his daughter only met at breakfast. When their meal was over, ELINOR, conscious of wishing to be alone, and at liberty to revisit the deserted chambers, and fearing observation, went out with her father on the terrace. She remarked the vast extent, and appearance of former strength of the chateau.

"It was built," said LUSIGNAN, "at
 "a time when power centered not so im-
 "mediately in the king, but was divided
 "among a number of petty princes, who,
 "in a state of continual war on the neigh-
 "bouring sovereignties, committed depre-
 "dations on the property of each other,
 "that required them to have a place of
 "strength to secure them from vengeance.
 "Then too, the body of the people
 "being subjected to the uncontrouled op-
 "pression of a few individuals, they some-
 "times rose against their tyrants; and
 "without those castles, and the armed
 "force retained within their walls, the
 "race of princes would have suffered pre-
 "mature annihilation, and the whole state
 "have become a prey to popular anarchy
 "and democracy."

"I would fain know," said ELINOR,
 "who was the original proprietor of this
 "chateau?"

"If

“ If you mean its founder,” replied LUSIGNAN, “ his name has not, I believe, “ been handed down to these days. At “ least I have never heard it.”

‘ I should rather have said,’ resumed ELINOR, ‘ in what family has it descended?’

“ Of that too I am ignorant. A friend “ of mine took a lease of this place, for a “ summer residence, about two years before I quitted Paris; but soon growing “ tired of so total a solitude, and hearing “ I wished to retire to Savoy, accommodated me with it. My friend, when he “ made an offer of it, told me it was a “ very romantic place, but though extensive, comfortable. Its extent was no “ objection to me, since my family might “ occupy only a part of it; and indeed, “ though I have lived here many years, “ there are parts of the chateau that I am “ totally unacquainted with.”

‘I wonder,’ said ELINOR timidly, and a blush, though unseen, rising to her cheek, ‘that curiosity has not prompted you to examine the whole of the buildings.’

“Curiosity,” returned LUSIGNAN, “exists only in unoccupied minds. The idle and ignorant alone find a charm in wondering: and hence it is that so many preposterous tales are circulated and believed. To those lovers of the marvellous and mysterious, a door being for a few years closed up, is sufficient ground for wonder and curiosity; which leads them to conceive there is something beyond it uncommon or terrific; and when they indulge their humour by exploring the place, their own fancies seem to them realities.”

ELINOR almost believed that he knew of her morning’s employment, and LUSIGNAN added, “In short, I believe that
“those

“ those who have most understanding
 “ have least curiosity; and I am con-
 “ vinced, that the want of it conduces to
 “ happiness; since I have known much
 “ evil, but never any good, result from
 “ the gratification of so silly a passion as
 “ curiosity.”

So saying, he walked away; and ELI-
 NOR felt abashed at having incurred the
 censure he bestowed on curious persons.
 But a consciousness of error does not
 always prevent a repetition of it; and
 now, when left alone, ELINOR put in
 practice her resolution of re-entering the
 eastern apartments. Crossing the great
 hall, she went into the saloon, but ima-
 gining she heard her name repeated, she
 stopped and listened: again she heard some
 one call her; but as the person seemed
 going from the door, she did not regard
 it. During the few moments she had been
 hesitating, she observed, at the farther end
 of

of the room she was in, that there was a break in the tapestry; part remaining fixed, while the rest was violently agitated, as if by the wind. She approached the place, and perceived a door, though so artfully concealed, that nothing but a circumstance, similar to that which had now revealed it, would have shewn. She laid her hand on the door; but recollecting the words of her father, "I have known much evil, but never any good, result from the gratification of curiosity," she paused: but her desire to know whither this door led was prevalent, and she opened it. It disclosed only a long narrow passage, to which air and light were admitted through loop-holes, and fearing to explore it, she hastily shut the door. Dissatisfied with herself for her cowardice, she would have again opened it, but she found her utmost efforts unsuccessful, for no force she could exert was sufficient to unclose

unclose it. Terror for a moment overcame her, till recollecting that the door might, and was, in all probability, fastened with a spring, to which chance at first directed her hand, she tried to conquer her alarm; and going on through the apartments, was soon in possession of the picture and papers.

When she returned to the inhabited part of the house she met JEANNETTE, who told her, her mother had risen, and had enquired for her: ELINOR immediately hastened to her, and did not leave her for the remainder of the day. During the pauses of conversation ELINOR could not prevent her mind dwelling on the extraordinary circumstances she had observed, and she thought more than she had yet done of the fastening of the private door in the saloon; doubting if the lock were really of a peculiar construction, but rather inclining to the belief, that
some

some person had, during the time she had been arguing herself into courage to open it, secured it on the other side: however, this conjecture had but little appearance of probability.

At supper, that night, LUSIGNAN proposed to his family an excursion on the lake, which was remarkable for the picturesque scenery of its shores; and as the season was so far advanced, they determined to delay it no longer than the morrow.

On this account they all retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual; and ELINOR had no opportunity of perusing the papers that night.



CHAP. XI.

It touched on the string, to which hung all her sorrows.

STERNE.

ON the ensuing morning, after a hasty breakfast, ELINOR, with M. and Madame LUSIGNAN, embarked on the lake in a small boat. She took with her materials for drawing, as she had no doubt of finding ample employment for her pencil: during the most part of the day they sailed along the shores, marking the changing scenery: now wild, grotesque, sublime! now sinking into fertile vallies, or slowly rising to the south, covered with vineyards and orchards; and in the background the rude chain of the Glaciers ascending to the sky.

About

About an hour before sunset they landed at a place where a considerable waterfall precipitated itself into the lake, from a perpendicular height of many feet, over dark rocks that at once increased and contrasted its foam; and were crowned at top with a thick pine wood, skirted with the holly and juniper. A narrow path, very steep, wound up the cliff close to the cataract, which ELINOR (having in vain tried to induce her parents to accompany her) began to ascend alone. She soon gained the summit of the hill, and tired and exhausted, she stopped and looked down on the other side.

Her eye wandered over a vast extent of country, to the Lyonnais; which, though scarcely to be distinguished from the blue sky that surmounted the horizon, she yet beheld in the light of a friend; and her fancy led her to retrace those scenes she had viewed when in that regretted country.

try. She even imagined she could see the Alps, that there bounded her prospects. Glancing her eyes over the intervening plains and innumerable wooded hills, she now fixed them on the sublime chain of the Glaciers, that, gilded by the evening ray, pointed their snowy summits to the sky; now tinted in the west by the roseate hues of the setting sun, which, beaming obliquely on their tops, made them seem all on fire: and further, where their pointed crags threw a long line of shadow, the mild purple of twilight softened the whole. Below, the vapours of a gathering mist swept along their bases, or hung on their sides, that now, towards the foot of the mountains, blushed with the vine and olive, though their tops were crowned with everlasting snow.

As ELINOR stood entranced in wonder and delight, she heard the plaintive sound of a shepherd's pipe in the valley; and ignorant

norant that, for its melody, it was chiefly indebted to distance, she took a few steps forward to hear it nearer: it ceased, and she paused to listen, but it returned no more, the tinkling of a sheep-bell declaring the shepherd was about to fold his flock. When she cast her eyes around, she perceived a man in the habit of a monk standing beside her. His figure was calculated to inspire awe and attention; much of its height and majesty was lost in the bend forwards of his thin spare form; and his cowl being thrown back, shewed a head scantily ornamented with grey hairs. But it seemed as if sorrow and hardship, and not time, had pillaged the locks from his temples, and the fire from his clear hazel eyes.

His countenance, though pale and wan, beamed with inexpressible sweetness, as he gazed on ELINOR, who, on seeing him, was hastily going; but he removing

one hand from the staff on which he leant, took her's, and said, in a slow and mournful tone, " Go not so soon, sweet daughter! Deprive me not yet of the pleasure of contemplating innocence so pure as that thy expressive countenance presents."

The compliment was one of those that come from the heart, and of the value of which the heart only is sensible: ELINOR felt it, and was silent, while the monk proceeded, gazing still earnestly on her: " Thy features are familiar to me. I once knew a face and form similar to thine. An angel dwelt in it; but she —. Alas! it is long since I lost her. So long, that I have almost ceased to lament her loss! And thou, my poor little one! I have almost forgot thee too!"

He paused, and then added, " But why do thy feet thus wander alone on those hills? Hast thou no parents?"

‘ I have both a father and mother,’ she replied, ‘ who reside not far from hence, ‘ at the chateau de Loncilles.’

A beam of fire shot from the mild eye of the father: he started, and in a feeble inward voice pronounced, “ Loncilles!”

For a moment his whole frame was agitated, as a hectic glow burned on his furrowed cheek: then meekly looking up to heaven, he crossed his arms on his breast: the colour faded from his cheek, and he was again composed. For some time his ardent gaze was fixed on ELINOR; but as if stung by sudden recollection, he said, with energetic tenderness, “ Thou “ art young! art innocent! So mayest “ thou be happy ——! But oh! let not “ the traitor, Love, find entrance to thy “ bosom! His power is the bane of peace! “ Nor absence—ingratitude—or falsehood “ —not even death itself, can tear it from “ the heart!”

ELINOR

ELINOR was affected; she sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks. The monk resumed, "See the effect of misery, originating in love! Sorrow, not age, has silvered those hairs: for they bear not the snows of fifty winters. But love in early youth usurped a tyrannous sway over me: and the falsehood of her to whom my heart was devoted!—the bustle of war—the calm indolence of peace ——! Even the dagger of a murderer, could not extract the venom from my rankled heart! Though the vital stream flowed fast from my side, her dear image was present to my thoughts! Though the soldier's garb was exchanged for the monk's, still I ceased not, even in death, to adore her. Spirit of my lost love!—— Sainted shade!—— Object of my tenderness, and my regret!"

His

His voice was lost in the emotions that seemed to convulse his soul; but when he had in some measure conquered them, he said, “ Adieu! gentle, compassionate angel, adieu! And when thy pure soul “ is raised in prayer to heaven, forget not “ the miserable ANSELMO.”

He walked hastily towards a grove, from whence was heard to proceed the sound of the vesper-bell of a convent; and was seen no more: while ELINOR remained on the same spot, and could not recollect herself sufficiently to move.

As the monk had been speaking to her, she observed a keen restlessness in his eye, a passion in his manner, that almost persuaded her his understanding was deranged: but pity, not terror, was the effect of this belief. The wild energy with which he enforced his emphatic caution against the power of love! His touching apostrophe to his departed friend; and

and desiring to be remembered in her prayers, made an almost inconceivable impression on her mind.

She thought deeply on it as she descended the path that led her to her parents: to whom she could not resolve to mention her meeting with the monk.

Indeed neither LUSIGNAN, or his wife, were a kind of person to feel the sentiment that so powerfully interested their lovely daughter.

Madame was one of those people of whose character enthusiasm makes no part; and who cannot allow another to differ from them in opinion, without setting them down as absurd and fantastical. And LUSIGNAN, like most men who possess strong natural sense, and are discontented with the world, gladly seized every opportunity of ridiculing human nature, to which the romance of sentiment affords ample field.

They

They now re-embarked, and for some time proceeded rapidly. They had not long quitted the shore, when they perceived a bark similar to their own; the men in which rested on their oars, and let the vessel glide smoothly with the light breeze that fanned the sails. The moon lent sufficient light for them to perceive that there were three or four persons in the stern; and a female sat on the stem, with a gentleman standing beside her, to whom she was speaking when they passed. ELINOR caught a glimpse of a uniform she had been accustomed to see; and looking again at him who wore it, though his face was turned from her, his height and air easily led her to distinguish the Chevalier HENRY.

The surprise of thus recognising one who had been, and still was, inexpressibly dear to her; and to see his whole attention occupied by a lady, roused all the dormant

dormant feelings of her soul. She remembered his solicitude (as described by his servant) about the little Bibette; and doubted not this was the former mistress of the dog, whose bestowing it had made the animal so cherished. The anguish this idea gave her, convinced ELINOR that, though she fancied him banished from her heart, all her efforts to do so had been ineffectual; as it generally happens, that those things which we most studiously endeavour to forget, are in the end most indelibly impressed on the memory.

The breeze had now died away, and by LUSIGNAN's command even the measured dashing of the oars had ceased, so that the two boats lay near each other. No sound disturbed the universal silence, but the bell of the convent from the already distant shore. It accorded with the melancholy tone of ELINOR's feelings: but another sound now struck her ear, that

jarred on her senses. It was a voice which she conceived to be HENRY'S (for she had never before heard him sing) that in a low, but clear and sweet tone, sung these words:

AT first with vivid tints the rose
 Its leaves expands, that fragrance shed
 On zephyr's wing, as soft he blows,
 And shakes the dew-drops from its head.
 But, ah! too soon harsh winds arise!
 'Too soon descends the beating shower!
 How dull are now its blushing dyes?
 And rain-drops steep the faded flower.
 Returning sun-beams nought avail;
 They can't its former bloom restore:
 So to the cheek, with sorrow pale,
 The rose of health returns no more.
 Though joy return—it to th' exhausted heart,
 By suff'ring wearied, cannot warmth impart.

When he had concluded, the lady, with a trembling sensibility in her voice, repeated a part of the last stanza, and was silent. LUSIGNAN, turning to Madame, said,

said, "That young man sings with judgment and taste; but I find his voice familiar to my ear."

'You have, no doubt, heard many, whose tones resembled his, in Paris. People's voices in singing are more apt to be alike than in speaking:' replied Madame.

A light wind now springing up, they made towards the spot where they were to land, and thence returned home.

For that night ELINOR's mind was solely occupied by the image of HENRY, which chased all others from her thoughts. She forgot that she had parted with him with indignation; forbidding him ever more to come into her presence. She remembered only the love he had vowed to her, which she believed in the possession of another.

So various, so complicated, were her emotions, that they almost totally deprived

her of sleep; and when, but for a moment, the oblivion of slumber came over her wearied senses, the voice of HENRY rung in her ears, and destroyed the transient repose she had tasted.

CHAP. XII.

See ye tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the morning the first thing ELINOR heard, was, that Madame LUSIGNAN, much disordered by the exertions of the preceding day, was so ill, as to make a fever reasonably apprehended. ELINOR, who was tenderly attached to her mother, flew to her chamber; and in alleviating the unpleasantness of sickness to a person beloved,

beloved, found a temporary oblivion of her own sorrows. At night Madame LUSIGNAN was so well, that she insisted on her daughter's leaving her to take some repose; which, however, ELINOR would not do till near midnight, when, taking a lamp, she retired alone to her chamber. When she got there, and sat down, the total silence that then reigned, except when the blast howled at the casements, or swept with fullen murmurs over the woods, gave rise to melancholy ideas. Those of ELINOR's were for a time extremely painful; and wishing to dissipate her thoughts before she went to bed, she rose, and traversed her room. Going to the window, she observed that the night, gloomy and comfortless, foretold an approaching tempest. The whole atmosphere soon became dark, except when blue and livid lightnings cast a transient glare over the prospect without. The

1 3

thunder.

thunder rolled tremendously, reverberating from the mountains that surrounded the valley; and the river, augmented by the torrents of rain that began to fall, roared furiously over the rocks that impeded its violence.

The terror, of which most minds are susceptible during thunder-storms, prevented ELINOR from moving; and in the fullen pause that succeeded a burst of thunder, she suddenly heard the same noises as had on a former night so much alarmed her. She listened breathless with agitation; but the returning fury of the gust, which dashed the branches of the trees against the casement, drowned every other sound. Again the thunder pealed more loudly than before, and a bright flash of lightning illuminated the air: as it gleamed on the terrace, ELINOR fancied she saw men passing to and fro on the terrace beneath the windows; and during
the

the dead pause that succeeded the universal agitation of the element, she distinctly heard several doors opened in the rooms below her's. Terrified to the last degree, she took up her lamp, and ran as fast as she could along the gallery, with design to alarm the family. But she was too late; already several men were in the great hall, and on the stairs. They were all dressed alike, in Spanish cloaks, black caps fitted tight, not much unlike the *montero*, with a small stiff orange feather in the side; and they were all masked. But of this circumstance, or the singularity of their dress, ELINOR had not time to take notice; for, seeing her, two of them rushed forwards and seized hold of her. Surprise and terror deprived her of the power even of shrieking; but the ruffians, dreading her returning senses betraying their atrocious designs, gagged and bound her; and tying a handkerchief over her eyes, with-

out a word having been spoken, hurried her down stairs.

The frequent shutting of the doors, the only sound she heard, informed her they were passing through a suite of apartments: at length they stopped, and ELINOR having, by her struggles, displaced the handkerchief, perceived they were in the room hung with purple silk, that terminated the suite in the east wing of the chateau. One of the ruffians now observing that her eyes were uncovered, with a curse again bound them. Some effort seemed now to demand the assistance of the whole party, for those who held ELINOR loosed their hold; but almost instantly resuming it, dragged her on a few paces: the rustle of the silk behind her, as the hangings fell in their place, leaving her not a doubt that she had been forced through a secret door.

This

This passed in silence; and the ruffians, seeming to think themselves in security, paused a little, and one of them ungagging ELINOR, said, sneeringly, "Scream, " and curse, if thou wilt, lady! by Mahomet, the only privilege of thy sex shall " not be denied thee, since it is out of thy " power to betray us; and it will frighten " away the spirits of the eastern chambers."

'Oh!' cried ELINOR, (not comprehending his speech well) 'surely I am ' in the hands of infernal spirits!'

"Fear them not, pretty lady," answered the ruffian, "the Count will keep them " at a distance."

'The Count de SANTERRE!' almost shrieked the agonized ELINOR, who now conceived the full extent of her misfortune, and she only heard him say, "The " same, if it so please thee!" before she sunk fainting on the floor.

When she revived, she found herself environed by a number of ferocious wretches in a thick wood. The torches that two of them held, shewed her, in their savage countenances, how little was to be hoped from tears or intreaty. In hopeless agony she cast her eyes round to the rest, but they were all masked. One of the gang now gave a loud shrill whistle, and a carriage drew up, into which four of them got with their unhappy prize; but before they did so, they replaced the handkerchief on her eyes, which had been taken off at the time she fainted.

The carriage now proceeded, and ELINOR, having in vain besought the men to tell her whither she was going, addressed her pure soul to heaven.

“ Oh, power Supreme!” said she involuntarily aloud.

‘ Let us see,’ said a ruffian, ‘ if he can assist thee?’

“ Peace!

“Peace! blasphemous miscreant!” cried ELINOR, whose indignation terror could not controul, “nor dare to defy that power which can annihilate us all.”

‘Civil words, fair lady!’ retorted the villain, ‘or, by Mahomet ——.’

A prodigious burst of thunder, and lightning so bright as even through the handkerchief to dazzle ELINOR’s eyes, forced a sensation of awe even on the minds of those wretches: the altercation ceased, and the gloomy silence that succeeded it remained unbroken the whole time they travelled.

The rain, which continued for some hours to fall in torrents, by pattering on the foliage, convinced the fair prisoner, that the road her conductors were pursuing led through a wood; and the quick striking of the horses’ hoofs shewed they were going very rapidly.

At

At length the carriage founded as if going over a draw-bridge, and presently stopped. The men now assisted ELINOR to alight, or rather forced her, for she struggled much, and shrieked with redoubled violence.

Sullen echoes only answered her cries; and when she succeeded in her efforts to uncover her eyes, she found herself in the hall of a Gothic castle. Several haubergeons, lances, and helmets, hung on the dew-stained walls; and above them were ranged the banners of many a warlike host, that might, perhaps, have waved in the armies of the immortal HENRY, but now covered with dust, and in texture resembling cobwebs rather than silk.

ELINOR was now unbound by one of the masked ruffians, of whom two only remained with her. She gazed around her, and clasping her hands, with a look of almost frantic despair and anguish, deep
groans

groans burst from her bosom. One of the men was silent, but the other, whose voice betrayed him to be the same who had before spoken, said, "Well, lady! does thy apartment please thee?"

"True, its furniture befits not so delicate an inhabitant, but love will make it seem a palace."

"Love!" repeated ELINOR unconsciously.

"Aye, lady! love. The Count de SANTERRE, my worthy master, loves thee."

This (though long-expected) dreadful certainty completed the wretchedness of the unfortunate ELINOR. She doubted not that she was destined a victim to lawless violence, and distracting emotions swelled her heart almost to bursting. The two men, after a moment's longer delay, now departed in silence; and as they went, the blast that rushed through the opened door

door shook the shattered armour that hung on the walls, sounding, in fancy's ear, like the fall of a warrior in the field of blood and carnage.

CHAP. XIII.

And hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey:

GRAY.

ELINOR again surveyed her dismal prison. The windows were high, narrow, and distant; and so dim with the number of coats of arms emblazoned on the glass, that they scarcely afforded light; but from the deepening gloom she perceived it was evening. A door, besides that through which the men went out, next attracted her attention. She flew to it, and found it had a long iron bar across it fastened with

with a lock: her heart beat when she perceived the key was in it, and she tried to turn it, but it was rusty, and her hands, fore and swelled by the tightness of the cords she had been bound with, were unequal to the task of forcing it round.

Her despair was rendered more agonizing from the faint hope the key had afforded her; she walked impatiently up and down her prison, unable even to weep, till, darkness coming on, she threw herself on a couch that stood near the wide chimney.

In about an hour two of the men in masks returned, bringing with them a lamp, and a small basket of provisions, of which they set some before ELINOR. She could not eat; but one of her attendants offering her a large glass of wine, extreme thirst made her swallow it without knowing what it was.

Once more left alone, all her misery rose to her mind with renewed force, and she

she looked round the gloomy hall, dimly lighted by the lamp the men had left there, for the means of escape or death. Again the door met her eye, and she rose to open it; but her head becoming suddenly giddy, she grew sick, and was forced to sit down. The alarm this gave her, in the present discomposed state of her mind, made her conceive the idea that poison had been administered to her in the wine she had drank.

Whatever a person may do when actuated by the frenzy of despair, the approach of death, though sought and wished for, must, to a mind naturally undepraved, have some terrors: and though ELINOR felt the happy consciousness of not having herself expedited the formidable moment she believed at hand, the faint numbness that overpowered her faculties convinced her she was dying; and her parents, and HENRY, rushing on her thoughts, inspired the

the severest anguish, from which insensibility at last relieved her.

In about two hours she awoke from a deep sleep much refreshed; and rising, again tried successfully to open the door, which was in a recess near a corner of the hall. Having removed the bar, she took the lamp, and lightly, though trembling, entered on a long dark passage, and proceeded till she came to a flight of steps. These with desperate courage she descended: they were of stone, and led into another passage, vaulted, and without any aperture to admit air or light; and as she went on, the echo of her steps sounded in hollow whispers along the vaults that in many places branched from the one she was in. Still, however, she proceeded, till a gleaming light on the low arch before her made her stop and hesitate. Rendered fearless by the dangers she had already surmounted, and those she

she dreaded, she set down her lamp, and approached the place from whence she discerned the light. It issued from a small grate in the wall, she perceived below a dungeon. Its glooms were but partially dispelled by a lamp that was suspended by an iron ring from the roof, and shone full on an object which made ELINOR shudder with horror. She beheld stretched on the pavement, and loaded with chains, a human form: the light that streamed on his face shewed it haggard, and so pale and wan, that it (with his total stillness) led her to imagine the unhappy man had escaped from his misfortunes by death. An arm-chair, apparently of iron, and a pitcher that stood beside it, were the only furniture of this horrid abyss, to which air was admitted through a small grating opposite that through which ELINOR looked. Pity and horror prevented her from stirring,

or

or moving her eyes from the melancholy spectacle the prisoner presented, till she heard him give a deep and hollow groan that seemed to bear his liberated soul from earth. While she stood endeavouring to re-collect her spirits, after this shock, she heard above a distant clock, which told the hour of midnight; and the echo of its striking seemed to her like the knell of the departed prisoner. Leaving this spot, she went on a little farther, to where her progress was arrested by a door, or rather a grate, composed of strong and close iron bars. The air came fresh to her face through it, but the lamp which she had again taken up prevented her seeing any thing beyond it. She retired a few paces to put away the light, but as she did so, she heard a noise, (though from whence she could not distinguish) and hurried back to the hall; where having secured the door, she gave herself up to grief.

ELINOR

ELINOR had not long indulged her tears, when she heard the harsh grating of a key in the door through which her attendants came and went. She looked towards it in fearful agitation, saw it open, and the Count de SANTERRE entered with a lantern in his hand. Without considering, that to attempt flight, since escape was impossible, would but irritate the Count, she sprung towards the door in the recess; but overcome by terror, she sunk down on a bench near it.

SANTERRE approached, having set down his lantern. "Whence," said he, "this alarm, and this boundless terror? "Do you already know too much? or is "it necessary you should know more? "Be composed."

He would have taken her hand, but, shrieking, she withdrew from him as far as her strength would permit.

"Cries,

“Cries, struggles, and intreaties,” resumed the Count, frowning, “are alike unavailing: cease, therefore, to employ them. I come, ELINOR —.”

He paused, and the light that shone full on his countenance shewed it clouded by various and contending passions: for a time none predominated, but at last a horrible gloom settled on his features; his voice was more hollow than before; at first tremulous, but soon becoming firm and low, he said, “ELINOR! that I love you, you cannot be ignorant. But I come no more an humble suppliant for your favour. Unlimited power is now vested in me! And I would use it in the cause of mercy.—”

A long and gloomy pause now took place, which the Count at length broke by saying, in a lower tone than before, “Prepare to bid adieu to the world for ever!”

ELINOR

ELINOR gave a loud scream, and seeing the Count about to move, she had no doubt to kill her, she fell on her knees, and pleaded for pity. SANTERRE turned away. "I am no murderer!" said he, "but beware how I am irritated. Rise now, and answer me truly, as you hope for the mercy you demand."

The unfortunate ELINOR, whom sufferings had rendered almost indifferent to them, now rose, determined to hear her fate decided with courage. The Count, after another long pause, continued, "When late I sought you for my wife, I had not only indifference to surmount; you told me I had aversion! I know that there was yet another obstacle to my wishes: I had a rival whom you loved."

As he spoke, he suddenly seized her hand, and looked fiercely in her face, as if he would search her heart: she turned more deadly pale than she had before been
with

with terror; and the next instant her face and bosom were crimsoned over with blushes. The Count added, "Ah! ELINOR, this agitation betrays your secret. Tell me, then, and tell me truly, who is this favoured lover?"

ELINOR thought she saw the bent of this question, and remained silent.

"Answer me," cried the Count in a louder key, "and learn that I already know this minion; but from yourself I am determined to hear his name."

Still hoping that he might be ignorant who her lover was, but affected knowledge to induce her to betray herself, she summoned all her resolution.

"Why do you hesitate?" demanded SANTERRE. "Tell me on the instant his name."

'Never, Count,' replied ELINOR with firmness. 'Never will I stain my soul with treachery so vile. But wherefore
' do

‘ do you seek to involve me in such guilt,
 ‘ if you, indeed, know your rival? You
 ‘ have no rival, my Lord. You never
 ‘ had: since my abhorrence was all you
 ‘ ever did or ever will possess.’

The Count’s lips quivered and grew white; and in a voice which his diabolical passions rendered hardly articulate, he said, “ Does not thy own temerity alarm thee?”

ELINOR, with the steadiness of virtue driven to desperation, calmly replied, ‘ No, Count! I behold you ready to take my life; but your malice can do no more.’

“ Yes,” cried he, with savage ferocity in his aspect, and speaking through his shut teeth, “ Yes, I can make life hideous to thee, yet force thee to endure it! I can render thee so curst, that with a maniac’s rage thou shalt execrate the sun for rising on thy misery! Yet thou shalt court my favour, and sue me for my notice.”

Torpid

Torpid with horror, ELINOR was speechless! motionless! and a pause of deathlike stillness succeeded this hurricane of passion. At length the Count arose.

“ELINOR!” said he, in a calmer, though determined tone: “ELINOR! mercy would be prevalent, and peace may again be thine:—but time is pressing.—At this hour, two nights hence, expect me:—beware, on the subject on which I shall then speak, how I am opposed.—Adieu! I had not meant this conference to end thus.”

Taking again his dark lantern, he went out of the place, and the door was locked after him. Relieved from her present apprehensions, ELINOR had now words for lamentation.

“Oh, HENRY, HENRY!” cried she, in an agony little short of distraction. The hollow echo that repeated the beloved name, informed her she had done so; and

her presence of mind returning, imposed silence: for a moment's consideration convinced her, that were she heard to call, with such impassioned tenderness, on his name, his destruction was inevitable.

“No,” sighed she, “it must not be.
 “Let me preserve courage to be the only
 “victim of the inhuman Count. Let me
 “not involve HENRY in my misfortunes.”

She no longer remembered the apparent inconstancy or unworthiness of her lover; but hung with softened sorrow on his idea, which almost banished the recollection of her parents, and the dread of **SANTERRE.**



CHAP. XIV.

THE first rays of morning light found admittance to the solitary habitation of ELINOR, awaking her from the imperfect slumber into which she had sunk, and in which all the evils she was subject to when waking haunted her imagination. Not long after sunrise, shouts and acclamations were heard, and, "Long life to the Countess and the Count," was echoed through the whole castle. ELINOR guessed what it meant.

"This," said she to herself, "is then the bridal-day of the Count!—Wretched man!—Miserable lady!—I am a prisoner; ignorant what may be my destiny—threatened with every danger—but
K 2 "surely

“surely my lot is preferable to thine!”

Then addressing the Almighty,

“Oh, ever-beneficent Deity, guard, I
 “pray thee, with thy wonted goodness, a
 “wretch who has no resource but in
 “Thee! Guide me, with thy all-seeing
 “wisdom, to escape from misfortunes, or,
 “with thy mercy and kindness, give me
 “resignation to endure them.”

The piety of ELINOR was as fervent as her soul was pure; she prayed for fortitude, and in a short time became composed; determined, let what would await her, to be patient and resigned. Her breakfast, dinner, and supper, were in due time brought her by her masked attendants, whose silent respect made her cease to regard them with such terror as at first: and she now perceived the extreme precaution of the Count, to prevent her attendants assisting her to escape; since not even by their voices could she tell whether

ther the same men came always; and as they never came singly, she dared not risque the offer of a bribe.

She determined, at the return of night, to attempt to make her way out of the castle by means of the grated door she had discovered: though should she succeed, she knew not what farther steps to take. She reflected an instant on the great probability of the castle being moated, and it over-turned all her schemes; but a hope that it might not, re-animated her to attempt every thing. Midnight, the time of her former sally, arrived: but noises that sounded through the pile of building, and reached in low murmurs to the Gothic hall, persuaded her the inhabitants of the castle were not yet gone to repose. At last they died away, and all seemed quiet; but still dreading discovery when she entered on the first passage, she covered her

lamp with her robe, not thinking it possible to miss her way.

Yet, when she uncovered the light, she perceived that she was in a place totally unknown to her. A door to the right, half open, shewed an extensive gallery. The architecture of it was a singular medley of the Gothic and Grecian. The floor was white marble; and from a double row of white marble Corinthian pillars, sprung pointed arches, that receded in long perspective to the end. Opposite the windows, of which there were five, were paintings in fresco, of scenes taken from the Italian poets, and between them in recesses were vases of flowers. The sofas were of white sattin fringed with green and silver, to match the curtains of the large Venetian windows, that admitted the splendour of the rising moon.

ELINOR surveyed this magic palace with astonishment; and fearful the light might

might betray her, she placed it behind the door into the gallery, and then advanced to a window. A low balcony ran along the front of the house, which looked into a pleasure-ground, and down a long vista of beech, and chesnut trees, to a small lake, with an island in the midst planted with tall poplars; and the moon-beam seemed to sleep on the glassy surface of the water. A part of the garden, a little to the left, was shaded by the jutting out of some building; and as ELINOR observed it, though its shape was imperfect, she conceived it to be one of the towers of the ancient castle, (the gallery being evidently of a late construction) as the shadow of battlements was distinctly to be seen. The tranquillity of the scene, and the calm serenity of the moonlight, conspired to render ELINOR more composed than she had long been: and certain as she imagined of a retreat, in case of discovery or alarm,

she approached a pair of folding doors at the end of the gallery. Beyond them several rooms appeared; the door of one, very near, was half open, and a light streamed through it, as from an inner apartment. ELINOR cautiously entered the first room, which was a magnificent anti-chamber, and empty. Unable to controul her curiosity, that was now predominant in her mind, she passed on, and found that the light proceeded from a dressing-room splendidly furnished and illuminated. Every thing seemed to proclaim that it belonged to a woman, and ELINOR, resolving to throw herself on whoever she might see for protection, advanced. Reclined on a sofa, she beheld a lady asleep. She appeared very young, and extremely handsome: a profusion of auburn hair, bound back with a bandeau of diamonds, fell again in sportive rings on her forehead and bosom; her lips were, however, colourless,

colourless, and her cheeks only derived a glow from the reflection of her habit, which was of pale pink taffeta, and not made in any particular fashion, but in that which shewed to most advantage the elegant form of the wearer. ELINOR observed, that tears yet glittered on her cheeks, and seemed to steal through her silken eye-lashes from beneath the closed lids. Her even sleeping woe confirmed ELINOR in the belief, that she now beheld the youthful bride of her persecutor the Count, and she wept involuntarily over her destiny.

The lady, now starting, awoke, and seeing a stranger, gave a loud shriek. ELINOR, having in vain caught the arm of the sofa for support, sunk senseless on the floor. The fainting fit was long, but, when she revived, ELINOR found herself seated on the sofa, supported by the strange lady; a chevalier, kneeling be-

fore her, held both her hands, and was chafing them, while in his expressive countenance were depicted anxiety and admiration.

“Thank heaven!” cried the lady, in a sweet voice, “Thank heaven, she re-
“covers! Be not alarmed, Madam, (addressing ELINOR) whatever may have
“been your motives for coming hither,
“you are now with persons who will
“serve you to the utmost extent of their
“ability.”

ELINOR would have knelt to the gentle speaker, who would not permit her, intreating only to be told how it was possible to serve her. ELINOR then briefly related the most material events of her life to that hour, and besought protection till she could effect an escape. During her narration, various were the emotions depicted on the countenances of her auditors. In the lady, surprise soon gave way

to an expression of the deepest sorrow: but, in the chevalier, it was ever varying as she continued her tale. His penetrating dark eyes were at one moment lit up with the fire of rage and indignation, and his hand was almost mechanically laid on his sword. Then pity took place of anger, and the tenderest sympathy in her distress seemed to take possession of his mind.

When ELINOR had concluded, the lady, for the first time raising her tearful eyes, said,

“ Permit me, Madam, however unkind
 “ it may seem, to request you will for the
 “ present return to your prison. Believe
 “ me, my heart is tenderly interested in
 “ the sorrows of yours; but, to attempt
 “ escape to-night would but expose you
 “ to unnecessary dangers. But I pledge
 “ my word that, unless the most zealous
 “ efforts of one who deeply feels for your
 “ misfortunes

" misfortunes are not unavailing, at
 " this hour to-morrow night you shall be
 " free, and may return with security to
 " your parents. Alas! what must they
 " have suffered from your loss! ST.
 " LAURE!" she added, turning to the
 chevalier, who was gazing in silence on
 ELINOR, " be it your part to attend this
 " lady to her prison, nor leave her till you
 " see her in safety. You may then return
 " to me, and we will concert a plan for
 " her final escape." " Dear, generous
 ' EMMA!' cried ST. LAURE, as he kissed
 her cheek; it received a glow from the
 pressure, as her eyes did a brilliancy from
 the sentiment it conveyed, that increased
 her beauty infinitely.

" Go," said the lovely EMMA, pressing
 ELINOR's hand between her own with
 affectionate kindness; " Go: Your safety
 " admits not of longer delay: confide in
 " my friendly zeal, and you shall yet be
 " happy."

ST.

ST. LAURE took the hand which EMMA now released: ELINOR looked irresolutely at him, as if fearing to trust herself alone with him in so solitary a spot as her prison. But there was a noble candour in his animated countenance, that would not admit her feeling more than a momentary doubt of his honour, and after a grateful adieu to EMMA, she suffered him to lead her to the gallery; from thence she pointed out the way she believed she must have come; and they soon reached the Gothic hall. ST. LAURE looked round him for a few moments in astonishment: then dropping one knee, and still holding ELINOR's hand, he said,

"Farewell, loveliest of women! Farewell for a time. Support, I intreat you, your courage; and trust to Lady EMMA and myself, that nothing shall be neglected to render your escape easy and secure."

He

He yet lingered; and ELINOR recovered herself sufficiently to thank him for his protection; adding,

‘Adieu, chevalier! Good angels guard you and the Lady EMMA.’

ST. LAURE arose, and again repeated his promises of service. He twice kissed her hand, as unwilling to go; he repeated his adieu, and departed. ELINOR then fastened the door, and, listening, heard his steps, as slowly he retired. Hope now played round her heart: but yet she regretted the dangers to which, too probably, EMMA and ST. LAURE might be exposed in her cause.

On reflection, there was something in the manner of the lady, for which she could not account clearly; and she in vain perplexed herself in endeavouring to discover what it meant. But of ST. LAURE’s probity she could not entertain a doubt; and except HENRY, she had never seen
any

any one to whom she would more willingly be indebted for friendship and protection.

Of HENRY we shall now speak.

CHAP. XV.

What could I do? Contending passions strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight.
Unyielding Honour! soft persuasive Love!
I fled, and left her.

THE EXILE.

ON the morning when HENRY had the interview with ELINOR in the chesnut wood, and drew from her a confession, and promises so favourable to his wishes, he had no sooner retired from her presence, than his high sense of honour and gratitude to his benefactor returning, he repented as much having extorted those proofs of attachment, as ELINOR did having

ving granted them. While under the influence of this romantic generosity, he wrote that letter to ELINOR, which was, he thought, calculated to restore to her bosom that peaceful indifference he had a few hours before rejoiced to find no longer existed there. It was then his intention to set out immediately for the place where his regiment was stationed, and whither a letter from his Colonel summoned him: and from thence to write to the Count, for permission to travel for a few years, till his heart had in some measure recovered its tranquillity, and he could behold the woman he adored, the wife of a man to whom he owed such infinite obligations as he did to the Count; yet behave to her as became her dignity and his own honour.

Scarcely was the person, to whom he confided his letter to ELINOR, departed, when he repented having sent it; and
condemned

condemned the enthusiasm of honour and gratitude that had dictated it, and condemned him to hopeless misery, while to ELINOR it could afford no happiness. While his mind was in this perturbed state, of which his features bore the most striking traces, his Neapolitan servant PHILIPPE entered his room. HENRY feared to trust his voice to bid him begone, and PHILIPPE employed himself in a number of little offices. He took up his master's hat, brushed it vehemently, though it needed it not; adjusted the cockade; and then, looking at his master for a minute or two, shook his head emphatically. HENRY perceived the look, and the action.

"What do you do here?" demanded he, in a more imperious tone than his domestic was accustomed to hear him (who was the best master in the world) speak with.

'Do

‘ Do not look so angrily at me, my dear chevalier,’ said the poor fellow, with a supplicatory look, ‘ you will break my heart if you do: it is almost done already, by what I have heard. I fear, sir, my old master is a sad rascal.’

“ Take care what you say, PHILIPPE,” said HENRY sternly, and surprised at this licence of the tongue of his servant, who was wont to be very respectful.

‘ It is very true,’ said PHILIPPE, again shaking his head, and looking grave.

“ What is very true?” demanded his master; and then forgetting that he had spoke at all, his thoughts returned to ELINOR, and renewed his regrets.

‘ I will tell you, my lord,’ replied PHILIPPE.

‘ You must know, sir, that I was at Chateau Loncilles, this morning, and was walking about, when I saw a nasty *vulture*, or it might be an eagle, for you know,

' know, my lord, eagles often live among
 ' high rocks; but be it what it would, it
 ' was hovering over the fold, and making
 ' as if it would dart at that pretty lamb
 ' Mademoiselle LUSIGNAN is so fond of:
 ' I set up a shout, and it flew away. But
 ' doubting it would return, I went to LA
 ' FORCE, and desired him to lend me a
 ' gun, that I might shoot it.

' LA FORCE was busy, so he desired me
 ' to go myself, and take one of the fowl-
 ' ing-pieces out of the little closet, inside
 ' the study, on the right hand side of the
 ' hall, I went in, fir; but, murrain take
 ' it, not one of the ugly things were in
 ' order: but I took down a gun, and was
 ' loading it, when some persons came into
 ' the study; and I heard M. LUSIGNAN
 ' say, " Here, my lord, we may speak
 " freely: we are in no danger of inter-
 " ruption."

' I can't

' I can't say, sir, but that I was a little
 ' curious; so I listened, and heard my old
 ' master, the Count, say, " LUSIGNAN, I
 " have changed my mind about marrying
 " this girl. But by St. Jago, I still love
 " her to distraction, and she must be mine.
 " Cannot you contrive to send your wife
 " out of the way, for a little while, since
 " she is so scrupulous, and give up ELINOR
 " to me without the troublesome form of
 " matrimony? Tell me; have you no
 " fool's errand to send your wife on?"
 ' The Count then paused, and M. LUSIG-
 ' NAN at last said, " But where, SAN-
 " TERRE, shall I send my conscience? my
 " wife and ELINOR may be silenced; but
 " what shall silence that?" ' Conscience!'
 ' says the Count, laughing, ' Prithee,
 ' LUSIGNAN, no more of this cant, but
 ' let thy conscience lie still a little longer.
 ' It has borne many a heavy burthen—
 ' Remember!'---" I do remember, Count,"
said

said M. LUSIGNAN again, "and with the
 "bitterest remorse. Nor will I commit
 "new crimes. Long habit has made me
 "love this girl with paternal affection, and
 "I cannot betray her to prostitution."
 'Away!' cries the Count angrily, 'such
 'nonsense is beneath so compleat a villain
 'as thou art. Come, we have long been
 'partners in what the ignorant and priest-
 'ridden would call iniquity.' And to be
 'sure, my lord,' added PHILIPPE, 'it
 'made my hair to stand on end, to hear
 'him talk of the Church in that manner,
 'like an infidel: for indeed—'

"But what further did you hear?" in-
 terrupted HENRY, who had insensibly be-
 come attentive; for he was not used to
 bestow much notice on PHILIPPE's ha-
 rangues. Often had he secretly cursed the
 retentive powers of his memory, which
 sometimes cost him half an hour's time in
 dressing more than was necessary, by
 listening

listening to him: but now he thought him hardly minute enough.

“ But what further did you hear?”

“ Nothing further, my lord,” replied PHILIPPE bowing. “ They then spoke very low, and presently quitted the study. And I was so shocked to hear that dear Mademoiselle LUSIGNAN should be so used, that I forgot the *vulture*, and all, and came to tell you, that you might put that sweet lady on her guard. So as soon as my business was done——”

“ Why, firrah! did you not tell me all this before?” interrupted HENRY, impatiently.

“ Why, my lord, I thought it was time enough,” replied he.

“ Get me my horse instantly,” cried HENRY.

But without staying to have his commands executed, he flew to the stable himself; and finding his horse standing saddled,
he

he mounted him, and was in a very few minutes at Loncilles. He entered the garden by a backway, and approaching the pavillion, heard ELINOR's voice. He stopped to listen: she was imploring the Count not to accept a hand, with which she could not bestow a heart. When HENRY heard the unfeeling reply of SANTERRE, he for a moment felt all his numberless obligations to him cancelled; and he was on the point of rushing into the pavillion, charging the Count with the baseness of his intentions, and freeing ELINOR from the snares laid for her. But recollecting that, villain as the Count was, he (the creature of his bounty) had no right to resent his conduct, he resolved to wait till he was gone, and then privately to inform ELINOR of all he had heard. He accordingly entered the pavillion, while ELINOR flew from it, as has already been related.

At breakfast that morning, HENRY had received a letter from his colonel, pressing his return to his quarters; the Count had desired he might comply with the order: and as soon as he got home, he desired PHILIPPE to prepare for the journey, which he began that night.

He continued to travel towards Perpignan, for a part of the next day; but the idea of ELINOR's danger then became so insupportable, that he resolved to return, and endeavour once more to see her, let the consequences be what they would. He rode with such speed, that he soon found himself unable to continue his journey in that way; and when he arrived at a town, which was some leagues from Lencilles, he abandoned his horses, and came on with PHILIPPE in a chaise, which he left in the wood that encompassed the Abbey of St. Austin's, commanding it to wait for him at the end of the north-cloyster of
the

the ruin. He was then proceeding on foot to the chateau, when chance threw in his way the very person he was going to visit. On the false alarm, heedlessly given by the postillion driving out the owls from the cloisters, forgetting every thing but that the safety of ELINOR was endangered, he hurried her along to the place where the carriage was in waiting, and tried to prevail on her to elope with him. But when she accused him of meanly plotting to seduce her from her duty, he found he had no way left to exculpate himself from the charge, but by leaving her; he summoned resolution to do so, and returned to the town where he had left his horses. Here PHILIPPE rejoined him, with an account of the 'fray between the Count and LUSIGNAN. And now certain that ELINOR was freed from the persecutions and villainous designs of SANTERRE, he proceeded to Perpignan;

where the agitation of his mind brought on a fever, which had probably proved fatal, but for the kind attentions of his friend the Marquis DE JULIEN, who had just then returned from Spain, where he had been some time. But even to the Marquis, HENRY was silent, both in regard to the baseness of the Count, and his own attachment to ELINOR. DE JULIEN saw but too plainly that his disorder originated in the mind; and though he frequently accused his young friend of dissimulation, and intreated to be admitted into his confidence, he never could prevail on him to lay open the cause of his uneasiness, and consequent ill health.

Thus languished the amiable HENRY, from his unsubdued attachment, at the time ELINOR accused him of caprice and inconstancy.

CHAP. XVI.

And felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which
arises from hope deferred.

STERNE.

ELINOR, in the meantime, experienced that weariness, whether mental or bodily, which bids defiance to the power of uneasiness to keep it waking: for after some time spent in busy conjectures respecting EMMA and ST. LAURE, she fell into a sleep that lasted till long after sunrise the next morning, and which, though it might not be of a kind much to refresh her, granted at least temporary oblivion of her sorrows.

That day was spent by the beautiful prisoner in the same manner as the one that had preceded it, in gloomy silence, tears, and impatient wishes for the hour of
L 2
night.

night. During her melancholy supper, one of the attendants, stooping to put something into his basket, his mask fell off, and exhibited a countenance more savage than any that SALVATOR ever painted. His eyes were grey, small, and fierce, scowling from beneath thick grisly eyebrows that ornamented his prominent forehead. His face, somewhat haggard, and of a dingy olive hue, was further distinguished with a long hook nose, high cheek bones, and a wide mouth; with uneven dirty teeth, which his malicious grin fully displayed. In short, his looks were such as made ELINOR tremble at the moment, and they never afterwards were obliterated from her memory.

When midnight came, ELINOR grew very uneasy at not seeing either EMMA or ST. LAURE. She fancied, as time wore away, that they had forgotten, or were unable to serve her. She reflected that she

she had no claim on them, but that which suffering innocence exacts from minds endued with humanity and the love of virtue: wherefore should EMMA engage herself in a hazardous enterprize, to serve one totally unknown to her? Yet her tears, her evident distress, shewed that, at the moment, she was interested in the fate of ELINOR. Could she doom her, by cold neglect, to all the horrors of a destiny like that which awaited her, by remaining in the castle? Could ST. LAURE be deceitful, or unfeeling? No, his energy of manner, when he took his leave of her, could not spring from a heart selfish and cold to her distress: they would then surely come.

Thus an hour was wasted in drawing conclusions and arguments for her comfort, and in vain expectation of hearing footsteps in the passage. She then unbarred the door, and opening it, looked as

far as the obscurity of the dusk would permit. She listened, but no sound disturbed the stillness that seemed to reign in the castle. At last she heard a door shut; it was now certain her deliverer was coming! But all was again quiet, and remained so for so long a time, that ELINOR began to despair.

She remembered, that on the following night the Count proposed to pay her the threatened visit, and shuddered at the recollection: she revolved in her mind all the probable consequences of this dreaded interview; and had no doubt of being made to suffer every thing that malice and cruelty could suggest to a man of the violent passions of the Count, irritated by opposition, and armed with resistless power. Again her thoughts wandered to HENRY, and she wept almost to agony.

Every thing was so perfectly quiet, that she distinctly heard the castle clock strike

two:

two: but still no person was heard approaching. ELINOR now rose, and walked about her prison, in the vain hope of beguiling the tediousness of expectation.

Hope and expectation were now at an end! The great door opened, and the Count DE SANTERRE entered, followed by two of his masked associates: he had a torch in his hand, which shewed his countenance to be of a deadly paleness, and more gloomy than usual.

“There is your victim!” said he, in a deep hollow voice. The men instantly seized the mute and trembling ELINOR, and dragged her out of the hall into another similar to it, only paved with black marble. At the end of this, they extinguished the torch, and proceeded, by the light of the moon, into a kind of corridor, near which a coach waited. But before they reached it, a voice exclaimed, ‘Die, villain!’ and the Count fell wel-

tering

tering in blood: while his two associates fled, leaving ELINOR with the assailant, who was no other than ST. LAURE. Actuated by an instinctive impulse, ELINOR flew back to the hall, where a lamp was still burning. She was followed by ST. LAURE, who, his face flushed with rage, yet animated with triumph, flung away his sword; which was dropping with blood; and seeing ELINOR ready to faint, threw his arms round her as she stood.

‘I have preserved you!’ cried he, with exultation, ‘I have preserved you: and never, never more shall you encounter such perils. ST. LAURE shall in future shield his adorable ELINOR from every danger.’

ELINOR, whom the suddenness of her danger and deliverance had almost deprived of sensation, hardly heard this passionate exclamation; but, exerting herself to the utmost, was led by ST. LAURE to the chamber

chamber of EMMA. That lady met them at the door, and eagerly demanded if all were well?

ST. LAURE did not answer her, and ELINOR could not: but instantly observing that the clothes of both were stained with blood, she exclaimed, “ Merciful heaven! “ whence is this? Why are you silent, ST. LAURE? What tale of horror—!”

She gasped for breath, and ST. LAURE taking her hand, said, ‘ Be composed, ‘ my sweet EMMA! Hope is not yet denied you! He may live—!’

EMMA gave a piercing shriek; and drawing away her hand, she covered her face, and cried in a voice of anguish, “ Oh! my poor father!”

‘ Do not thus afflict yourself, dearest ‘ creature,’ said ST. LAURE, ‘ this sorrow is needless, or at least unavailing.’ “ Alas! he is dead,” repeated the fair mourner,

mourner. “ Ah! ST. LAURE, why did
“ you murder my father?”

Then feeling the cruelty of reproaches
at such a moment, she with a look in-
treated forgiveness, and added, “ Fly,
“ ELINOR, while yet you may: trust to
“ the unshaken integrity of your protector.
“ ST. LAURE—” She sunk, almost faint-
ing with excess of emotion, into the arms
of the chevalier, who embracing her, said,
—‘ But why must we part, my gentlest
‘ friend? Why, my more than sister, must
‘ we leave you behind? I shall but half
‘ have saved my ELINOR, if I leave you
‘ encompassed with evils in a place so
‘ detested.’

EMMA, with a convulsive sigh, disenga-
ged herself from him, saying, with earnest-
ness, “ Do not, ST. LAURE, urge me to an
“ act so unworthy of me. Shall EMMA
“ DE SANTERRE fly with the murderer
“ of her only parent? Oh! forgive me,
“ ST.

“ ST. LAURE! I did not mean to upbraid
 “ you! It is my duty to remain with the
 “ unhappy Count. My cares may ad-
 “ vance his recovery; and, if he dies, we
 “ meet no more!”

ELINOR, trembling and agitated, had
 beheld this scene in silence: and EMMA,
 with a sweet solemnity, turning to her,
 resumed,—“ Farewell, ELINOR! May you
 “ be happy! You must reward ST. LAURE
 “ for his disinterested attachment to your
 “ cause. Sooth his perturbed spirit!
 “ And oh! I conjure you, remind him not
 “ of this night’s hasty deed, or of the
 “ wretched EMMA!” She waved her hand
 to them both, and retired to her chamber
 in tears. ST. LAURE was silent for a time:
 then taking ELINOR’s cold hand in his,
 ‘ Let us,’ said he, (as he led her away
 to a glass door that opened from the gal-
 lery into the balcony, and thence to the
 garden) ‘ Let us obey the injunctions
 ‘ of

‘ of EMMA, to depart. Sacred be her sorrows! and in protecting you with my life, I shall fulfil her wishes.’

A chaise was at the bottom of the garden: they both got into it, and were soon at a considerable distance from the castle of Dejeune.

For some time, ELINOR wept incessantly: for her spirits, violently agitated by the late strange events, sought in tears an indulgence of their weakness. The Chevalier, who had made the human mind his particular study, attempted not to restrain those emotions, which, if not suffered to exhaust themselves in tears, prey on the constitution, and sometimes disorder the intellects; but pressing her hand, which he still held, with tender and sympathetic concern, he remained silent. When morning dawned, ELINOR had become composed enough to ask some questions relative to EMMA; and ST. LAURE, charmed to see her so calm, said, ‘ Permit

‘ Permit me to intreat your patience,
 ‘ for a much longer space than the mere
 ‘ replying to your questions would take
 ‘ up, and pardon me for speaking of
 ‘ myself. My narrative will more clearly
 ‘ inform you of every thing you wish to
 ‘ know; and I hope it will amuse, rather
 ‘ than weary you.’

“Surely,” cried ELINOR, “nothing that
 “concerns my deliverer can be wearisome.”

She said this with an air of so much
 sweetness and candour, that ST. LAURE
 drew thence a favourable omen for the
 passion with which ELINOR had (though
 he was past the age of romantic and boyish
 enthusiasm) already inspired him; not duly
 considering, that ease most commonly de-
 notes indifference to a lover.

CHAP. XVII.

Reviewing Life's eventful page :
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

‘ BY means of a friend,’ said ST. LAURE, ‘ I first obtained, what my relationship to the late Countess DE SAN-TERRE did not procure for me; I mean a familiar intercourse with the family of Lady EMMA.

‘ At my first visit to Dejeune, I was about three or four and twenty, and my lovely cousin was a mere child, but one of the most charming and engaging creatures I ever beheld. Her gaiety was as unbounded as her mind was innocent; and she used to treat me with the
‘ freedom

‘ freedom and affection of a brother; and,
 ‘ I think, I loved her as tenderly as I
 ‘ could the most amiable sister. When
 ‘ her father treated her with harshness,
 ‘ as he too often did, she flew to me for
 ‘ pity and consolation; and when she
 ‘ had any trifling quarrel with the friend
 ‘ who had accompanied me, and with
 ‘ whom she had been brought up, I was
 ‘ always the arbitrator, and it was my
 ‘ task to conciliate between them.

‘ When the time proposed for my visit
 ‘ elapsed, EMMA shed tears at my depar-
 ‘ ture, and joined with the Count in
 ‘ pressing my return in the following
 ‘ summer.

‘ A winter spent in Paris did not make
 ‘ me less pleased with the recollection of
 ‘ the fascinating innocence and gentle
 ‘ sweetness of my young cousin, and I
 ‘ was very glad when the season arrived
 ‘ that I had promised to repeat my visit.

‘ I then

‘ I then found EMMA a little altered in
 ‘ her person, for she was become more
 ‘ beautiful, but as artless, as gay, and as
 ‘ wild as ever. She received me with a
 ‘ pleasure, the expression of which she did
 ‘ not think of suppressing; and I found
 ‘ her still a child in her manners, though
 ‘ in appearance she was become some-
 ‘ thing more. The Count was possessed
 ‘ of a very excellent collection of books;
 ‘ and as I was neither fond of fishing or
 ‘ the chase, sports that my young friend
 ‘ (who was still my companion) delighted
 ‘ in, I spent much of my time in the li-
 ‘ brary. Here EMMA often joined me
 ‘ to study Spanish, of which I was very
 ‘ fond, as being the native language of
 ‘ my mother; and sometimes, when we
 ‘ grew tired of reading, we would sit con-
 ‘ versing. At such times, EMMA insen-
 ‘ sibly lost her too great timidity, and dis-
 ‘ played a mind capable of great cultiva-
 ‘ tion;

' tion; with a softness and sensibility, with-
 ' out which a woman cannot be pleasing.
 ' She had had masters in every science,
 ' but they had not taught her to *think*:
 ' and having at ten years old lost her mo-
 ' ther, she really was unconscious of the
 ' powers of her understanding, and suf-
 ' fered herself to be led too much by the
 ' prejudices of others. This part of her
 ' character did not unfold itself till I had
 ' been long intimate with her; and I took
 ' the same pains to form her judgment
 ' as I should do that of a favourite sister.

' Some very material occurrences in
 ' my family had prevented me paying my
 ' customary visits to Dejeune for above a
 ' year and a half; but I last spring went
 ' there, and found my lovely cousin just
 ' returned from a convent, where she had
 ' been from the time I had last seen her.

' I was much surprised to perceive the
 ' alteration eighteen months had made in

' EM

' EMMA. She had lost her charming
 ' vivacity; and was become grave and re-
 ' served. I thought this was owing to her
 ' having lived in the gloomy seclusion of
 ' a convent; and the night of my arrival,
 ' when she was retiring, I took notice of
 ' it to her. Her eyes filled with tears as
 ' I spoke, and she said with a sigh, " Ah!
 " ST. LAURE! why did you teach me to
 " *reflect*, since you could not prevent me
 " from erring? You have opened my eyes
 " to be conscious of my own defects, but
 " not to correct them." ' She hastened
 ' away, and she never gave me an oppor-
 ' tunity to demand her meaning. From
 ' this time, the change in her conduct to
 ' me became very observable. She was
 ' always polite and attentive, but cold
 ' and ceremonious; she now never called
 ' me *brother*, and not unfrequently even
 ' ST. LAURE was dropt for the formal
 ' appellation of *sir*. I intreated her to tell
 ' me

‘ me how I had offended her; but she
 ‘ persisted in saying, that she had still the
 ‘ same tender esteem for me as formerly.

‘ I then began to form conjectures in
 ‘ regard to her, and at last persuaded
 ‘ myself that she regretted the absence of
 ‘ my friend, who was then at his quarters,
 ‘ and that ALLANVILLE had stolen the
 ‘ heart of my sweet cousin.

‘ I told her once of the discovery I had
 ‘ made, of how she had disposed of her
 ‘ affections and her gaiety. She at first
 ‘ seemed surprised, and blushed, and with
 ‘ difficulty restraining her tears, told me
 ‘ I was totally mistaken, since it was im-
 ‘ possible she should ever regard HENRY
 ‘ in any other light than that of a brother.
 ‘ And when I left Dejeune, I was in doubt
 ‘ as to the meaning of EMMA’s altered
 ‘ manners.

‘ A few days ago, I complied with the
 ‘ desire of the Count, that I would

‘ him a visit, in order to be present at a
 ‘ splendid fête given at the castle in
 ‘ honour of my cousin’s seventeenth birth-
 ‘ day. I had promised, if possible, to
 ‘ bring ALLANVILLE, who was my al-
 ‘ most inseparable companion; and on
 ‘ my arrival, EMMA eagerly enquired
 ‘ why he did not come; on my replying
 ‘ that he was not well-enough to travel,
 ‘ she burst into tears; and instead of being
 ‘ exhilarated by the gaiety of the com-
 ‘ pany who were assembled on that occa-
 ‘ sion in the mansion of her father, she
 ‘ was thoughtful and melancholy. A
 ‘ little incident occurred at that time, that
 ‘ confirmed me in the idea of her being
 ‘ attached to ALLANVILLE.

‘ One evening, some of the party, ha-
 ‘ ving expressed a wish to amuse them-
 ‘ selves on the lake near which the castle
 ‘ stands, EMMA accompanied them in a
 ‘ boat, and I attended her. She desired
 ‘ me

‘ me to sing to her: I obeyed; and when
 ‘ I had concluded, she said, “ You sung
 “ that like my dear HENRY.” ‘ I asked
 ‘ her if she really thought so, for our
 ‘ voices are by no means alike?” “ Yes,”
 she replied, “ but it particularly struck me
 “ in this part.” ‘ She then repeated part
 ‘ of the song with a pathos not to be de-
 ‘ scribed; and I observed that she wept.
 ‘ I did not now regret her partiality, as I
 ‘ had reason to believe that she was no
 ‘ less dear to my young friend. And I
 ‘ had not a doubt that the Count would
 ‘ consent to a union, which would insure
 ‘ not only his daughter’s happiness, but
 ‘ that of ALLANVILLE: of whom from
 ‘ infancy, when he adopted him, he had
 ‘ been extremely fond, sparing neither
 ‘ trouble or expence in his education, and
 ‘ promoting his interest in life.’

ST. LAURE now observed ELINOR
 pale and agitated, and with tender anxiety
 in

in his voice and looks, said, ‘ I fear you
 ‘ are not well! Fatigue and distress have
 ‘ been too much for you, and you are
 ‘ sinking under them.’

ELINOR was indeed sinking under distress the most poignant, but different from that he conceived she suffered from.

Her doubts (which she had cherished) of HENRY DE ALLANVILLE being the HENRY whom she loved, were now at an end; she heard from ST. LAURE, who appeared to be his most intimate friend, that his happiness was centred in a union with another; and the thought was a severe wound to a heart like hers. When ST. LAURE added, ‘ We shall soon reach
 ‘ a place, where you can take some repose,’ she replied, with a look of anguish,
 “ Alas! I fear I am not destined ever more
 “ to taste repose.”

‘ Have better thoughts!’ cried ST. LAURE; ‘ look forward, not only to tranquillity,
 ‘ quillity,

‘quillity, but happiness. Ah! loveliest
 ‘of women, permit me to hope, that I
 ‘may one day be entrusted with the care
 ‘of your felicity; which is infinitely
 ‘dearer to me than my own. Suffer me
 ‘to cherish the idea, that you will in time
 ‘think me worthy of devoting my life
 ‘to you.’

ELINOR’s heart was too ill at ease to permit her to affect misunderstanding him, had his looks and manner left her room to do so, and replied impatiently, “No! no! Desist, Chevalier, I intreat you. This is no time to speak on such a subject.”

‘Pardon me, dearest creature!—You are silent, madam. Ah! I see I have offended you beyond forgiveness.’

ST. LAURE seemed hurt, and ELINOR observing it, said, in the sweetest accent, “You have not offended me: but my spirits are low, and I find myself unequal
 “to

“ to conversation. Believe me, however,
 “ that though fully sensible of your merit,
 “ and my own obligations to you, it is im-
 “ possible I can ever feel more for you
 “ than grateful friendship.”

‘ Do not,’ cried ST. LAURE, ‘ do
 ‘ not in pity deny me all hope of making
 ‘ an impression on your heart.’

“ Wherefore, Chevalier,” interrupted
 ELINOR, “ should I give you hopes which
 “ it will never be in my power to realize?
 “ You deserve a nobler, a more deserving
 “ bride—”

‘ Talk not of impossibilities,’ inter-
 rupted ST. LAURE, in his turn, ‘ where
 ‘ shall I find such beauty, such softness,
 ‘ and such elegance united, but in you?
 ‘ And never did I know the value of rank
 ‘ or wealth, till I entertained a hope of
 ‘ sharing them with one, without whom
 ‘ life is not worth a care.’

“ You

“ You deceive yourself, Chevalier. At
 “ present my person pleases you; and you
 “ fancy you love me! But time will steal
 “ with each succeeding year a grace: and
 “ sorrow has unfitted me for a pleasing
 “ companion. Alas! what happiness could
 “ you hope for, with a wife, whose tears
 “ were her only sign of sensibility!”

‘ Your person at present pleases me—!
 ‘ I fancy I love you—!’ repeated ST.
 LAURE, reproachfully: ‘ Cruel ELINOR!
 ‘ But I will no longer distress you, madam.’

ELINOR was sorry to see she had so
 cruelly wounded his feelings; but her own
 were too much tortured for her to speak
 calmly. She sighed, and was silent; while
 ST. LAURE, trying to recover his compo-
 sure, continued his narrative in this manner.

‘ On the morning of the fête, as I was
 ‘ leaving my chamber, I met EMMA. She
 ‘ was splendidly dressed, and looked re-
 ‘ markably well; but her features wore

‘ a melancholy cast, that induced me to
 ‘ ask, if any thing unpleasant had hap-
 ‘ pened. At that moment the Duke
 ‘ ALMANZA appeared at the end of the
 ‘ gallery we were in, and EMMA, drawing
 ‘ her hand from me, hastily retired. The
 ‘ suddenness of her retreat surprised me,
 ‘ and, I saw by his looks, disappointed the
 ‘ Duke. But saluting me, with his usual
 ‘ easy politeness, he took hold of my arm,
 ‘ and we went together into the gardens.
 ‘ During our walk, he told me, that he
 ‘ had the night before asked the Count’s
 ‘ permission to address his daughter; and
 ‘ that his suit was accepted. Confident
 ‘ as I was of her prior attachment, I for-
 ‘ bore to give the Duke the least hint
 ‘ that he was not likely to obtain her
 ‘ hand; and wishing him success, I left
 ‘ him. I believe he thought me parti-
 ‘ cularly interested in the disposal of
 ‘ EMMA, for during the whole day, he
 ‘ watched

‘ watched me more narrowly than I could
 ‘ well brook from any person I less re-
 ‘ garded.

‘ In the evening there was a ball: but
 ‘ when it should have begun, the Count
 ‘ was missing, and I also observed that
 ‘ the Duke did not appear. EMMA sent
 ‘ a servant to call her father; but finding
 ‘ he did not attend the summons, she de-
 ‘ fired the company might no longer be
 ‘ kept from their amusement. Two
 ‘ young noblemen contended for the ho-
 ‘ nour of dancing with her, but she de-
 ‘ clined giving a preference to either; and
 ‘ presenting me her hand, said, “ As
 “ a relation, and an old friend, I may re-
 “ quest you to be my partner.”

‘ After we had danced for some time,
 ‘ I was called away, to settle some little
 ‘ difference that had happened at the
 ‘ lower end of the room; and returning
 ‘ to my partner in a few moments, I saw

‘ her father turn angrily from her. Tears
 ‘ stood in her eyes. What grieves you,
 ‘ my sweet friend? said I, as I took her
 ‘ hand, to lead her to her place among
 ‘ the dancers. She made me no answer,
 ‘ but sat down. I understand you, I re-
 ‘ fumed; the Count disapproves of the
 ‘ honour you have done me. She shook
 ‘ her head in silence; and, convinced I
 ‘ was right, I went to Duke ALMANZA,
 ‘ who had followed the Count into the
 ‘ room, and leading him to EMMA, re-
 ‘ signed her hand to him.

“ No, my friend,” cried the Duke, “ I
 “ cannot consent to your making such a sa-
 “ crifice.” ‘ EMMA turned rather haugh-
 ‘ tily from us both. The lady must oblige
 ‘ you, my lord, (said I to the Duke) you
 ‘ have not yet danced. Without staying
 ‘ to hear his answer, or EMMA’s, I walked
 ‘ away. Not naturally fond of scenes of
 ‘ festivity, and having now no induce-
 ‘ ment

‘ ment to continue in them, I went into
 ‘ the gardens, where I met a party of my
 ‘ friends, with whom I remained till after
 ‘ midnight.

‘ When I returned to the house, I met
 ‘ ALMANZA, who told me that EMMA
 ‘ had, a few minutes after I left her, com-
 ‘ plained of illness, and retired to her
 ‘ chamber. I passed on, and wishing to
 ‘ enquire after her health, I tapped at the
 ‘ door of her dressing-room.

‘ No person answered, and entering the
 ‘ apartment, I saw EMMA reclining on a
 ‘ sofa. She was asleep; but her cheek
 ‘ was wet with tears, and I heard her sigh
 ‘ deeply. Fearful of alarming her if she
 ‘ awoke, I left the room as silently as I
 ‘ had come in; but had hardly reached
 ‘ my own apartment, when a shriek from
 ‘ that of EMMA recalled me.

‘ I found her trying to raise you from
 ‘ the floor, and assisted her to place you
 ‘ on the sofa. ‘ Shall

‘ Shall I say, what sensations filled my
 ‘ breast, when our efforts to restore your
 ‘ senses seemed ineffectual; when I beheld
 ‘ the most lovely of women, one whom I
 ‘ believed destined to inspire me with
 ‘ love, to all appearance lifeless! Or, with
 ‘ what trembling solicitude I watched the
 ‘ colour slowly returning to that angelic
 ‘ countenance; when I saw those eyes
 ‘ unclosed, that I thought sealed for ever!
 ‘ Oh! ELINOR!’

ST. LAURE read, in the expressive fea-
 tures of his fair companion, how much
 such discourse distressed her, and respect-
 fully kissing her hand, continued his rela-
 tion.



CHAP. XVIII.

‘ SLOWLY, and unwillingly, I quitted
 ‘ the place where you were, and returned
 ‘ to EMMA, who waited for me; when
 ‘ informed you were in safety, and her
 ‘ anxiety on your account somewhat
 ‘ abated, she expressed, in the warmest
 ‘ terms, her pity and admiration; adding,
 “ On you, ST. LAURE, it must rest to con-
 “ vey her from hence, and restore her to
 “ her parents. Ah! unfortunate as she
 “ is, she is yet comparatively happy, in ha-
 “ ving a tender mother to guide and ad-
 “ vise her, and a father whose vices do not
 “ compel her to blush for him.” ‘ Her
 ‘ sorrow for the depravity of the Count
 ‘ touched me sensibly; but, wiping away
 ‘ her tears, she led me to her chamber,

‘ and shewing me a low window, (from
 ‘ which you could easily with my assist-
 ‘ ance leap to the ground) asked me if
 ‘ I could not contrive to have a carriage
 ‘ waiting for us at the bottom of the
 ‘ garden, the wall of which had lately
 ‘ been removed to enlarge the pleasure-
 ‘ grounds. I mentioned that my own
 ‘ equipage and servants should attend;
 ‘ but to this EMMA objected. “ We
 “ shall have,” said she, “ too many dangers
 “ to encounter, and ought not wilfully to
 “ expose ourselves to the chance of disco-
 “ very; you must therefore send a servant,
 “ on whom you can rely, to Prilieu, (as
 “ that is the most distant town, from
 “ whence we can procure it in the time) to
 “ hire a carriage, which must arrive here
 “ precisely at twelve to-morrow night:
 “ (it must not be here before, for obvious
 “ reasons.) You must at that hour go to
 “ the prison of the fair unfortunate, and
 “ bring

“bring her from thence here.” ‘After
 ‘praising her prudence and precision, I
 ‘enquired if there was no way of going
 ‘from her room to the hall, except by
 ‘the gallery? She answered, that per-
 ‘haps there was, adding, “But I am
 “not sufficiently conversant with the pri-
 “vate passages, to give you clear directions
 “for finding them. At best, they are in-
 “tricate and perplexing; and a mistake
 “may prove fatal. I would have you,
 “therefore, come through the gallery; it
 “will take you but a little time to pass it;
 “and it is by no means probable, that at
 “that dead hour of night any person will
 “visit it. I shall wait here to bid you
 “farewell.” ‘Farewell! (I repeated)
 ‘surely, you do not intend to remain here?
 ‘The Count will certainly discover our
 ‘flight; and your having promoted it
 ‘cannot be unsuspected. But to the dread
 ‘of the detection and malice of her fa-

‘ther, EMMA was insensible; or, rather,
 ‘duty was stronger in her mind than fear;
 ‘for she resolutely refused to accompany
 ‘us. Ah! my sweet friend, (said I) Duke
 ‘ALMANZA— She hastily interrupted
 ‘me with “Duke ALMANZA! is it possible
 “you can think me so light, so capricious,
 “as ever to encourage the pretensions of
 “the Duke?” ‘Or, if you did, (I re-
 ‘sumed) ALMANZA is amiable, hand-
 ‘some, young, rich, and adores you—
 “Pray, Monsieur! say no more,” returned
 ‘EMMA impatiently; then added, “Par-
 “don my petulance, ST. LAURE. Good
 “night.”

‘We then separated; and I retired to
 ‘deliberate on our project. The most
 ‘difficult part of my business was to find
 ‘a person proper to be sent to Prilieu.
 ‘My own valet, LE BLANC, was intelli-
 ‘gent, and I could, I knew, safely confide
 ‘in him; but it was necessary he should
 ‘remain

‘ remain at Dejeune, not only to save ap-
 ‘ pearances, but to assist our escape. I had
 ‘ also a Swiss servant, on whom I had
 ‘ great dependance, but I knew that his
 ‘ passion for prating was unbounded; and
 ‘ I heard from EMMA, that one of her
 ‘ women, a pretty Parisian girl, was in
 ‘ possession of the heart, and consequently
 ‘ of the secrets, of my poor ARNAUD;
 ‘ since she was the most curious creature
 ‘ in the universe, and as little addicted to
 ‘ silence as himself. At last, I determined
 ‘ to order my horses, and ride some miles
 ‘ on the road to Prilieu, attended by AR-
 ‘ NAUD: and then to tell him what he was
 ‘ to do, and send him on, whilst I re-
 ‘ turned alone. I executed this scheme;
 ‘ and ARNAUD acquitted himself to a mi-
 ‘ racle, without our having any fears of
 ‘ his talking of his commission, since he
 ‘ could not arrive with the carriage till
 ‘ near the time you were to be at liberty.

‘ EMMA

' EMMA was not accustomed to demand
 ' the assistance of her women to undress
 ' her; so her dismissing them on that
 ' night, immediately on her retiring to her
 ' apartment, did not seem extraordinary.
 ' At eleven o'clock I joined her, according
 ' to appointment, to know if she had
 ' any further commands. She then de-
 ' sired me to take care not to enter on my
 ' operations, till the Count sent away his
 ' servant, and locked his door, as was his
 ' custom. I now first mentioned our
 ' scheme to LE BLANC, and ordered him
 ' to watch the Count's door; desiring
 ' that, when it was locked for the night,
 ' he would come and tell me. Time wore
 ' slowly away, and 'LE BLANC did not re-
 ' turn; but, knowing his inviolable at-
 ' tachment to me, I did not distrust him.
 ' I would have gone to EMMA, (for I was
 ' alone in my own apartment) but aware
 ' that the least imprudence, on my part,
 ' would

‘ would expose you to danger, I con-
 ‘ strained myself, and sat still.

‘ The Count (it seems) had fixed on
 ‘ that night to remove you from Dejeune;
 ‘ but from what motives (since it evi-
 ‘ dently was not his original intention) I
 ‘ cannot conceive. The precaution with
 ‘ which we had acted through the whole
 ‘ of this affair secured us from detection,
 ‘ so that he could not possibly on that ac-
 ‘ count have projected the removal. A
 ‘ little after two, LE BLANC flew to tell
 ‘ me, that he had seen the Count, followed
 ‘ by two men, leave his chamber, and
 ‘ proceed towards the hall where you
 ‘ were confined. Knowing from experi-
 ‘ ence that he was capable of any villainy,
 ‘ and dreading some treacherous designs
 ‘ on you, I hastened to the gallery, and,
 ‘ leaping the rails of the balcony, ran
 ‘ round the house to the corridor, which
 ‘ I knew you must of necessity pass; and
 ‘ if

‘ if it were only a false alarm, I was cer-
 ‘ tain I could from thence reach your pri-
 ‘ son. The first thing I saw, was the
 ‘ coach and four that waited; and ob-
 ‘ served a glimmering light in the black
 ‘ hall. I drew my sword, and retiring be-
 ‘ hind a pillar of the corridor, saw you
 ‘ brought out: then, being certain of my
 ‘ victim, I rushed forward, and have, I
 ‘ believe, sent the miscreant SANTERRE
 ‘ to the punishment of his numberless
 ‘ crimes.—My tale is now at an end; and
 ‘ if I have wearied you, I am sorry.’

“ You have not indeed,” said ELINOR;
 then sighing, added, “ Alas! why is it not
 “ in my power to repay obligations that
 “ have made me so much your debtor?”

‘ Would you then,’ said ST. LAURE,
 smiling, ‘ deny me the satisfaction of ha-
 ‘ ving served disinterestedly? But it is
 ‘ in your power infinitely to overpay me
 ‘ for my exertions, and lay me under an
 ‘ obligation,

‘obligation, which, during my whole life,
 ‘I must acknowledge as such. Let me
 ‘not offend you, by declaring that I love
 ‘you! Short as has been our acquaint-
 ‘ance, I have seen enough to be convinced
 ‘you are formed to make me completely
 ‘happy: and unless you will allow me to
 ‘hope—’

“Forgive me, Chevalier,” interrupted
 ELINOR, “you cannot offend, but you
 “distress me beyond measure. Most
 “sincerely do I thank you for your good
 “opinion; and I regret that I cannot re-
 “turn a passion so generous as that you
 “profess for me. But when you are ac-
 “quainted with my heart, you will see
 “that I cannot form your felicity.”

They were now both silent: ST. LAURE
 revolving in his mind, what could have
 caused those feelings that ELINOR had
 indirectly promised to explain. Of a rival,
 he had not the least idea: not because he

was

was vain, but because, in the brief history she had given of herself, she had told the total seclusion in which she had lived, and mentioned DE SANTERRE as the only person who visited her parents. ELINOR by this did not mean to deceive; but she had resolved to forget HENRY, and there seemed something indelicate in naming him.

They travelled with such rapidity, that they were by this time near their journey's end; and ST. LAURE was pleased that ELINOR, who was extremely fatigued, would soon have rest.

It was pretty late, of an autumnal evening, when they first caught a view of Loncilles between the trees, and through the deepening shades that twilight cast over the scene. ELINOR, who had, at one time, fondly anticipated the meeting with her parents; at another, dreaded she knew not what, as she approached the spot where she had experienced such
vicissitudes

vicissitudes of happiness and misery, felt a thousand mingled recollections crowd so fast on her mind, that she was insensible to every thing but them.

ST. LAURE had been sometime contemplating in silence the beautiful face of ELINOR; and as the evening closed, and he could no longer do so, he turned to admire the scenery; which, though not totally unknown to him, yet afforded him pleasurable sensations.

There is a gloomy tranquillity, after sunset of a fine evening in September, that leads the mind to solemn musing; and to ST. LAURE, (who was naturally contemplative) the grand, but now mouldering edifice of St. Austin's Abbey, insensibly gave birth to a train of meditation on the instability of the works of man: which, though they flourish during the lives of many generations after those who erected them, are destined at last to sink into ruins,
and

and be forgotten like their former inhabitants. The stopping of the carriage roused him from his reverie, and he offered to assist ELINOR to leave it: but trembling, and agitated, she hung back, and he then said to her, ‘ Had you not
 ‘ best remain here, while I go to prepare
 ‘ Madame DE LUSIGNAN for your appearance?’

Unable to speak, she smiled her assent to this measure, and he ascended the steps. He (as LE BLANC had before done) knocked repeatedly, but no servant appearing, and the door being open, he passed through the great hall to an inner one, in hopes of meeting some one. It was almost dark, and the narrow windows of painted glass denied admittance to the little light that remained in the sky; as ST. LAURE stood hesitating what to do, he saw, at the extremity of the hall, a female figure with a lamp in her hand, advancing

vancing slowly from a door that was half open. She looked up; she perceived ST. LAURE; she gave a piercing shriek, and dropping the lamp, she fled, and the door clapped after her. All this was in the compass of a moment; and ST. LAURE was at first so startled by the noise of the door, with the echoes it sent through the building, that he was motionless. Instantly recollecting himself, he took up the lamp, (which, in its fall, had not been extinguished) and turning round, saw ELINOR, who had followed him from the carriage, and been a witness to this extraordinary scene. They looked on each other in silence.

‘What can this mean?’ said ST. LAURE, at last; ‘do you know this person?’

“No,” replied ELINOR, faintly; “but let us seek my mother.”

She then, supported by ST. LAURE, passed on to the common sitting-room: it
was

was silent, and deserted. From thence they went to the chamber of Madame; but there, or in the apartments of the gallery leading to it, were no traces of inhabitants. A horrible dread now struck on the heart of ELINOR; she became pale, and so extremely sick, that almost fainting she sunk into a chair. She did not, however, sigh or weep, but, nearly devoid of reason and sensation, her eyes became fixed and glazed. ST. LAURE tried in vain to move her grief to tears; and at last she arose, and leaning on his arm, evidently unconscious what she was doing or whether she desired it, walked feebly to her former apartment. When she entered the chamber, the sight of so many objects she had been accustomed to see in other times, overcame her, and she fell into an agony of weeping. Her lover, pleased to see she could shed tears, did not therefore attempt to check them; and ELINOR, at last,

last, gained power to say, "What is now
"to be my fate?"

'A blissful one, let us hope, my
'ELINOR!' cried ST. LAURE; 'be but
'a little composed, and I will then seek
'some of the servants, who can direct us
'to your parents.'

"Best of friends!" said ELINOR, ex-
tending her hand to him; "do not, how-
"ever, leave me yet."

When she was somewhat more re-
covered, ST. LAURE was setting out on
his intended search for the domestics of
LUSIGNAN; but he was obliged to be
cautious. The lamp he had brought from
the hall, and placed on the table, by its
faint glimmer, only immediately around it
dispersed the obscurity of the large gloomy
chamber; and even that he must leave
with ELINOR, and try to find his way in
the dark.

As

As he opened the door to go out, Madame DE LUSIGNAN rushed in, and fondly embraced her daughter. When their mutual emotion admitted of words, ELINOR enquired for her father.

‘He will soon be here, my love!’ replied her mother, ‘he has only walked out: I was myself just returned from the garden, (where, in solitude, I had been ruminating on your unaccountable disappearance) when MARATHON ran to me, and, almost breathless with terror, besought my protection; insisting positively, that she had seen your ghost in the inner hall; and that, moreover, there was a stranger with you, who must be an evil spirit. For the servants and peasants had no doubt but you had been carried away by infernal agency.’

“Dear Mamma” cried ELINOR, innocently, “there was nothing supernatural in the case! This gentleman was
“the

“ the preserver of your daughter. But
 “ for him, I should now have been sunk in
 “ misery; and the gratitude of ages will
 “ still leave us his debtors.”

The smile, that animated her lovely features as she spoke, enchanted ST. LAURE more than ever. He caught her hand, and putting to it his lips, exclaimed, ‘ Give but this, and I am doubly repaid.’

“ And it shall be yours, my noble, my
 “ generous friend,” replied ELINOR, exhilarated by the joy of seeing her mother, and forgetting every thing but her gratitude. “ It shall be yours. Gain the
 “ consent of my parents, and you have
 “ mine.” She said this with the ease and ingenuous sweetness natural to her. The conduct of ST. LAURE claimed her friendship and confidence, and in giving him this promise, she meant to shew herself not insensible, or ungrateful. The thanks of her transported lover were pre-
 vented

vented by the entrance of LUSIGNAN, who, having embraced his daughter, demanded and obtained an account of all that had befallen her since their separation.

When she came to speak of ST. LAURE, the artless energy with which she praised him, delighted, while it confused him; and, as he was pressing her hand to his lips, she gave him a look of such tender sweetness, that he almost fancied he was beloved.

LUSIGNAN listened with a gloomy, unvarying countenance to her tale, and then said, ‘ It is very extraordinary, that the
‘ communication of those chambers to
‘ some secret passage should be unknown
‘ to me! But though your arm, Cheva-
‘ lier, has ridded us of our grand enemy,
‘ we are still exposed to danger from his
‘ myrmidons, who may chuse to plunder
‘ me. Let us then endeavour to find the
‘ entrance of this secret passage: ELINOR,
‘ you

‘you may perhaps assist us, therefore attend: and you, Madame, will, I suppose, accompany your daughter, since it does not appear that she had any communication with spirits.’ He said this with a sarcastic smile; and again turning to ST. LAURE, added, ‘May I not hope you will aid me in this search?’

ST. LAURE bowed assent; but he was by no means pleased with the selfishness of this speech, or the tyrannical air with which he addressed Madame and ELINOR. Lights were now called for, and two of the servants having procured tapers, the party descended to the great hall in silence.



CHAP. XIX.

..... And faded care,
Grim visag'd, comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

GRAY.

LUSIGNAN led the way to the Eastern apartments, and opened the door of the saloon himself. Every thing in this room seemed in perfect order, and they all passed on to the next. As they passed through the anti-chamber, ST. LAURE took a taper from the servant, and raised it to look at the pictures that hung on the walls; ELINOR, in the gleam, caught a transient view of the same portrait that had on a former occasion made so great an impression on her mind, and felt a sort of renewal of those sensations; but LUSIGNAN saying, 'Come on, Chevalier,' ST. LAURE

LAURE returned the light to him who had borne it, and taking ELINOR's hand, followed to the bed-chamber, and from thence entered the short gallery that divided it from the adjoining room. The next door was fastened: but LUSIGNAN struck it with violence, and it burst open. The shock on the old crazy work, and mouldering frames, caused one of the pannels of mirror to fall to the floor; and as it shivered to atoms, the melancholy ringing of the glafs made the females shudder. ST. LAURE pressed ELINOR's hand in silence, which seemed not liable to interruption from any of the party. LUSIGNAN stopped, and appeared solely occupied with his own contemplations: in the countenance of Madame was painted wonder, with curiosity and uneasiness; while the looks of the servants expressed only superstitious terror. The pale gleam of the tapers on the surrounding mirrors,

and the various and melancholy groupe they reflected, made every person look at the others, to see if their visages were as ghastly as their own was represented. As they stood thus, they plainly heard a rushing sound pass along the end of the chamber, and the shutting of a distant door. ST. LAURE snatched a taper from the servant, and darted away to the room from whence the noise seemed to proceed. The door clapped after him, and the draught of air extinguishing the remaining light, they were now in total darkness. The servants now, yielding to their fears, tried to find the door they had come in by; but failing, set up the most hideous yells, calling for assistance. LUSIGNAN commanded silence in a tone that enforced obedience; but the echo of their voices rung through the deserted apartments.

ST. LAURE now re-appearing, beheld the confusion his hasty exit had made.

ELINOR

ELINOR (herself pale and trembling) was supporting Madame, who (extremely terrified) had thrown herself into her arms: while LUSIGNAN, inattentive to both, in the fullen gloom that overspread his features, betrayed, that though his mind was ill at ease, it partook not of the terrors that distracted the rest. ST. LAURE tried to sooth ELINOR and her mother, by the assurance that the noise they had heard must be imaginary; and this unintentionally increased the alarm of Madame. For she was one of those persons, that from custom, and a dread of censure, ridicule (as she had done, in the instance of MARATHON) the idea of ghosts, yet are not free from doubts on the subject.

LUSIGNAN now commanded the other taper to be lit, and they all advanced to the room the Chevalier had just quitted, which was the one hung with purple silk at the termination of the suite.

The gentlemen now began to feel the walls in search of a private door. One part sounded hollow, and raising the hangings, discovered a sliding pannel; which being removed, they entered a closet about ten paces square. The walls were bare stone; and the examiners concluding (both from the disappearance of whoever had caused the noises, and the improbability of such a place being made without a use) there was a trap-door, they sought one. But the boards of the floor being whole from end to end of the closet, defeated their expectations. LUSIGNAN then, turning towards ELINOR, said, ‘Are you certain that you were carried into the next room?’ “Perfectly, sir.”

“And know you not how you were taken from thence?”

“No, sir,” she replied; “I well remember that in that chamber my eyes were bound; my senses soon after deserted
“me,

“me, and when I recovered them, I was
“in the wood.”

ELINOR had, during the whole time they were examining the rooms, been endeavouring to acquire courage to relate the extraordinary circumstances attending her first visit to them; but those questions, which recalled such torturing ideas, and the remembrance of the papers she had taken from thence, with her dread of losing before she perused them, made her still continue silent on the subject.

‘There is certainly something,’ (said LUSIGNAN, addressing ST. LAURE, and breaking a long silence that had succeeded ELINOR’s last reply) ‘There is certainly
‘something unaccountable and mysterious
‘respecting these apartments; but there
‘are circumstances—’ he hesitated for a minute or two, and then resumed—‘but
‘there are circumstances, which, were
‘they known to you, might, Chevalier,

‘ remove your wonder, and convince you
 ‘ that things apparently strange seem no
 ‘ longer so, when their causes are known.’

ST. LAURE could not resist smiling at the gravity with which his new acquaintance enforced so self-evident a truth; but looking in his face, he beheld there such a total abstraction of thought as perplexed and astonished him. But on this subject, whatever were his remarks, he gave them no utterance; and LUSIGNAN, suddenly recollecting himself, said, ‘ Let us leave
 ‘ these apartments. They are cold and
 ‘ gloomy; and since we cannot discover the
 ‘ means of egress from this closet, I will
 ‘ cause the door leading from the chamber of mirrors to be nailed up: which
 ‘ will (I think) secure us from intruders.’

They now left the closet: and in returning through the bed-room, ST. LAURE observed the door near the bed, (which had at first escaped him, but now stood

half

half open, probably from the current of air through the suite of rooms) and wished to see whither it led; but the rest of the party had got so far before him, that he would not delay, but hurried after them to the anti-chamber. He remarked to his companions, how numerous the pictures were; and, taking one of the lights, by chance again raised it to the portrait of the warrior.

“Surely,” said he, as he contemplated it, “surely it is a face I am well acquainted with! Monsieur,” (to LUSIGNAN, who was also gazing earnestly at it) “Do you know this portrait?”

LUSIGNAN started: but instantly assuming a careless air, replied, ‘Assuredly I do not; since I have never before visited these apartments, and indeed forgot their existence.’

“But, have you not seen some person it resembles?”

‘ It is not impossible; and, indeed, I
 ‘ think I have seen features very similar to
 ‘ those, though I cannot recollect where,’
 replied LUSIGNAN, turning from the pic-
 ture. ST. LAURE resumed, “ I am pretty
 “ confident, not only that the original is
 “ known to me, but that it represents the
 “ Count DE SANTERRE.”

ST. LAURE possessed as much candour
 and liberality of sentiment as most men,
 but his clearness of judgment was at least
 equal to it; and from several circumstances
 he had been induced to form an opinion
 by no means favourable to his host. And
 whether or not it was that LUSIGNAN
 perceived him to be a man whose penetra-
 tion was not easily laid asleep, he shrunk
 not, as he had before done, from the steady
 regard ST. LAURE fixed on him, but re-
 plied, ‘ It may have been drawn for him,
 ‘ as the proprietor of this chateau first
 ‘ introduced the Count to me.’

“ That

“ That it is his portrait,” said ST. LAURE, “ I have no doubt. And, but that “ it must have been painted many years “ ago, I should conjecture, that it was de- “ signed for the Chevalier DE ALLAN- “ VILLE, whose likeness to what the Count “ was, indeed, is so great, that few who “ have seen both have not been struck “ with it. Such,” he continued, (advertising to the picture) “ such a countenance “ have I seen HENRY display in the field “ of battle, when the exulting enemy have “ been dealing destruction around among “ our troops.”

It has been mentioned, that ELINOR, the first time she saw this portrait, was convinced that the features it represented were familiar to her, though she could not assign them an owner. The resemblance between the Count and HENRY had given credit to the report of their relationship; but ELINOR had never observed the likeness,

ness, for in her first interview with them both, (the time when any thing remarkable strikes most) she had been too much agitated to look at either for more than a moment. At present, the immediate mention of HENRY drove from her thoughts every thing else; and after some time longer spent, in examining the pictures, they all returned to the inhabited part of the chateau to supper. And before they retired to rest, LUSIGNAN saw the door he had proposed effectually secured. When they separated for the night, ELINOR, as she had been accustomed to do, retired to her room at the end of the gallery; but as she was going, enquired for her servant JEANNETTE; who, (Madame now told her) being convinced that evil spirits had carried away her lady, immediately on her disappearance departed for Geneva. Madame offered that MARATHON should give her attendance;

attendance; which ELINOR declined, and retired alone. But in despite of fatigue, and long want of rest, the thoughts that rose in quick succession to her mind, took from her all inclination to sleep, and tears started to her eyes. Putting her hand in her pocket for a handkerchief, she found the picture and packet of papers she had brought from the lower apartments previous to her forced elopement. She took them out, and seating herself at the fire, with a light on a little table beside her, she first looked at the miniature: strengthened in her opinion, that it was the resemblance of the noble, but unfortunate RIVIERA, she opened some of the papers, in hopes of gaining information respecting it.

They were most of them pieces of poetry; some in Spanish, which ELINOR understood but imperfectly; but the verses seemed moving and simple, and some in French and Italian; but from erasures, and
interlineations,

interlineations, totally unintelligible. At last, she opened a paper folded like a letter, but without date, signature, or superscription; and which contained another letter, undirected also, but sealed. Several sentences of the envelope baffled ELINOR's attempts to make them out, and the first words she read were these:

- - - - " My misery is become weary
 " of beholding the passive victim; and has
 " relaxed the severity with which I have
 " hitherto been watched. The materials
 " for writing and drawing are also re-
 " stored to me.

" Night.

" At last, I have found courage to do as
 " you would have me. Yet still my heart
 " tells me I have done wrong, in granting
 " a request, it may be, prejudicial to my
 " honour, and certainly to that peace I
 " have long laboured to attain.—Take
 " the inclosed.—I have not directed it.

" When

“ When I would have done so, my trem-
 “ bling fingers were unequal to the task!—
 “ But give it to him. It will shew him
 “ the necessity of driving from his heart
 “ an unhappy woman, whose duty and in-
 “ clinations are at variance. But the for-
 “ mer ought, and shall from henceforth
 “ be my guide. You only are acquainted
 “ with my fatal weakness; and if you
 “ value my repose, I conjure you not to
 “ whisper it even to the winds. Oh! let
 “ my errors be buried in the grave, whi-
 “ ther sorrow and cruelty are fast bearing
 “ me! Charge him, for whom I have
 “ violated my duty, by writing the in-
 “ closed, never to repeat the sad tale of
 “ our misfortunes and my fault. Let him
 “ consign it, with my letter, to oblivion;
 “ and let not succeeding time unfold to
 “ others the testimony it bears.—Adieu!
 “ Yet a few weeks, and my sufferings must
 “ terminate. Oh! why cannot I be re-
 “ leased

“ leaved before I bring my babe into this
 “ world of guilt and misery?—Why must
 “ it be born, or live to weep over the def-
 “ tiny of its wretched mother?—”

Here the letter ended, and ELINOR held the one it had inclosed, wishing, but dreading to open it.

‘ By what right,’ said she, to herself,
 ‘ shall I peruse this paper, which cost the
 ‘ writer so much remorse? Wherefore
 ‘ dive into a secret, she so much wished
 ‘ might ever remain such? It would but
 ‘ gratify an idle curiosity, and leave me
 ‘ perpetual self-reproaches for having been
 ‘ guilty of an ungenerous action.’

ELINOR then threw both the letters into the fire; and in a moment (had her romantic *sense* of honour yielded to curiosity) it was out of her power ever to develope the mystery which was evident. As she slightly turned over the remaining papers, a torn one, that bound two on

three

three others together, drew her attention,
and she read these words:

- - - - " A sacrifice to cruelty, for a
" breach of forced duty; my ashes may in
" some future time call for retribution on
" my destroyer—"

Here several lines being torn transversely, ELINOR proceeded to the next intelligible passage.

- - - - " Not for a passion that was
" rooted in my heart, before infernal
" spirits forged the chains that bind me.—
" My soul abhors them, as much as the
" wretch to whom they have united me—

* * * * *

" This I have long expected. Not a
" night have I laid me on my thorny bed,
" without being prepared to see the assassin
" come on his midnight errand. And for
" many days, I have never put the cup to
" my parched lips, that I did not imagine
" it conveyed death——

* * * * *

Those

Those few sentences gave ELINOR an ardent desire to know more: and in spite of the rectitude of heart that inspired the act, she repented having destroyed the letters that might have led to the discovery of who this unfortunate was; and to throw light on her sad tale; but she was obliged to be contented to remain still in doubt.

She now put the papers, with the miniature, into a drawer in the table, locked it, and retired to rest; which she enjoyed uninterruptedly for several hours.



CHAP. XX.

For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

- - - - Many a ling'ring moon,
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings.

MASON.

WHEN ELINOR arose the next morning, and was going down stairs, she was surpris'd on opening her door to see ST. LAURE in the gallery; who, stepping forwards, paid her the compliments of meeting. After expressing his surprise that she chose to rise so early, he looked tenderly in her pale face, adding, " But you " look as if you had not slept last night: " your eyes are heavy. I fear you are " indisposed?"

' I am

‘I am not, indeed, well,’ replied ELINOR, languidly, ‘my head aches violently.’

“The air will then be of service to you;” returned ST. LAURE, “and you will oblige me by permitting me to attend you in a ramble. I wish much for a few minutes conversation with you, before we meet at breakfast.”

ELINOR sighing, but endeavouring to smile, complied; and they walked out together. After some general conversation, a long silence ensued, which ST. LAURE at length ended, by saying with an affected air of *gaiety*, which soon gave way to grave earnestness, “Do you know, ELINOR, that, notwithstanding my fatigue, I did not close my eyes last night. My thoughts were too busy for sleep; and this is the result of my deliberations:

“You have given me the sweet assurance of calling you mine for ever. But, on consideration, I am led to believe
“that

“ that I owe the promised blessing to your
 “ too great gratitude for a trifling service;
 “ which prevented your resisting impor-
 “ tunities, urged perhaps with too much
 “ warmth. Your tears, your agitation,
 “ your reluctance at first to hear me, should
 “ have early taught me the lesson, I must
 “ (I fear) be now compelled to learn. I
 “ do not ask you, if your heart be in the
 “ possession of another; it is enough, if
 “ you tell me it cannot be mine; and
 “ though unceasing misery were to be the
 “ alternative, I would not accept your
 “ hand, if it cost you a pang in bestow-
 “ ing it.”

ELINOR was unspeakably affected with
 this generosity, but restraining her tears,
 she replied with firmness, ‘ I am sensible,
 ‘ Chevalier, to the merit of that delicacy
 ‘ of sentiment that has prompted you to
 ‘ this; your conduct claims, and has, my
 ‘ warmest gratitude; but I wish not to
 ‘ take

‘ take advantage of it. I do not repent
 ‘ the promise I have given you, to ensure
 ‘ my felicity by intrusting it to you! But
 ‘ it is fit you should know the state of that
 ‘ heart you wish to make your own. I
 ‘ esteem you most sincerely: but I am not
 ‘ sensible of that warm and lively tender-
 ‘ ness, you deserve that the woman you
 ‘ make your wife should feel for you; and
 ‘ which I once felt in favour of another.
 ‘ That other——’

Her voice faltered! she paused, and
 tears strayed down her cheeks. ST. LAURE
 saw them, and the emotion he felt during
 the time she had been speaking, was aug-
 mented. ELINOR raised her mild and
 tearful eyes to his face, and went on:
 ‘ The person, who once possessed my af-
 ‘ fections, has forfeited my esteem; and I
 ‘ therefore must think of him no more.
 ‘ The task is, I find, a hard one: but it must
 ‘ and shall be performed. Yet it is not

' so easy to transfer one's affections: the
 ' heart severely wounded, shrinks into it-
 ' self, and is not soon susceptible of tender
 ' sensations in favour of another. Per-
 ' haps I may never feel such; but if it be
 ' possible, you, Chevalier, cannot fail to
 ' inspire them. I do not wish to veil a
 ' single thought of my heart from your
 ' inspection. You will find in it much to
 ' censure, but not, I hope, to condemn.
 ' I will lay open every transaction of my
 ' life to you; and if you then continue to
 ' wish for my hand, I will give it without
 ' reluctance.'

" Hold, ELINOR," cried ST. LAURE
 impatiently; " far be it from me to exact
 " such a proof of confidence. I will not
 " even accept it, since I see plainly that it
 " would be a painful exertion of your can-
 " dour. It is enough for me to know,
 " that you are mine; for to your purity,
 " and rectitude of heart, the future peace
 " of my life may be trusted."

They

They continued to converse till the hour of breakfast: and ELINOR found much to admire in the character and sentiments of her lover. Warmed only by gratitude, and her heart uninterested in ST. LAURE, her judgment was at liberty to act. When he spoke to her of love, she felt none of those throbbing emotions that choked her utterance when HENRY addressed her. She could listen to him with composure, and answer him with ease; but when HENRY looked at her, when he held her hand in his, and poured forth the effusions of his attachment to her; she, 'spite of her efforts, was melted to tears, and by her silence only expressed her feelings. ST. LAURE was now between five and twenty and thirty, rather inclining to the latter. He was not handsome; but in his fine manly figure was an air of dignity and fashion. The first glance convinced you he was a soldier; and five minutes conversation

sation with him, were sufficient to prove that he had seen the world, and studied mankind. His understanding was good, and his heart noble and benevolent; but there was a steadiness in his temper, amounting almost to obstinacy. He was not easily roused to anger, but if once his passions got dominion over him, and induced him to take a resolution, not all the world would induce him to forego it. When once attached to any person, his dependence on them was unbounded: only deliberate and detected baseness drove them from his heart, but then his hatred was as firm as his love had been.

It may appear singular that a man, such as ST. LAURE is here represented, should almost in a moment feel so fervent an attachment as his to ELINOR; but the circumstances of their first meeting, her beauty, her innocence, and her misfortunes, may be allowed to have made an unusual

impression on a mind (like his) tinged with enthusiasm, and the spirit of chivalry.

During the course of that day ST. LAURE made his pretensions known to LUSIGNAN, who with joy accepted for a son-in-law a man whose rank and fortune were infinitely above what he could hope for for ELINOR; and that he was what he declared himself, LUSIGNAN had no reason to doubt. Madame's vanity was a little elated at being mother to *la Marquise*; but as she sincerely loved ELINOR, the prospect of her happiness afforded her still greater satisfaction.

The evening being uncommonly fine for the season induced ELINOR and ST. LAURE to prolong their walk after sunset: and it was almost dark, when, returning by St. Austin's Abbey, they perceived a glimmering light in the window of the ruinous chapel. ST. LAURE observed it to his companion, adding, "It is probably the
" feeble

“ feeble flame arising from a fire kindled
 “ by some itinerant unfortunate, who,
 “ braving the ghosts of the departed reli-
 “ gious, intends to spend the night there,
 “ in preference to being exposed to the
 “ inclemencies of the season.”

ELINOR, who, when she first saw the
 light, felt a momentary alarm from the re-
 membrance of the terror a similar circum-
 stance had caused her, now blushing for
 her folly, when she heard the present ap-
 pearance so naturally accounted for, said
 with a smile, ‘ But you forget, my friend,
 ‘ that the spirits of pious persons are not
 ‘ supposed to revisit this world. I think,
 ‘ however, that the person who has sought
 ‘ an asylum in these ruins has something
 ‘ to fear from their tottering condition.
 ‘ The feelings of a person thus situated are
 ‘ beautifully described by an English poet.
 ‘ Do you understand English?’

“ Very imperfectly,” he replied: “ but
 “ have the goodness to repeat the passage
 “ you allude to, and explain it to me.”

ELINOR, after a moment’s recollection
 began:

‘ Or to some Abbey’s mouldering towers,
 ‘ Where (to avoid cold wintry showers)
 ‘ The naked beggar shivering lies,
 ‘ Whilst whistling tempests round her rise;
 ‘ And trembles lest the tottering wall,
 ‘ Should on her sleeping infants fall.’

WHARTON.

“ The lines are very expressive,” said
 ST. LAURE, when she had translated them,
 “ and no doubt much more so in the ori-
 “ ginal language. But suppose we were
 “ to steal on, and observe this melancholy
 “ groupe; for my imagination has already
 “ painted them from the description of
 “ your English poet. From scenes of un-
 “ cultivated nature in the human race, I
 “ have often derived much pleasure; and
 “ our visit may perhaps be salutary to those
 “ wretched

“wretched beings; surely none but such
 “would spend a night in so solitary a
 “place.”

While he was speaking, they had got close to the ruin, which they softly entered: the light no longer gleamed in the chapel, but they advanced. All was dark, gloomy, and comfortless. ST. LAURE called aloud; echoes only replied to the sound; and they were about to leave the place, but in returning they missed their way, and could not find the door they had come in by. ST. LAURE then repeated his call; certain that the person who had had the light must be at hand; and they then perceived a faint glimmer at the farther end of the chancel. They drew towards it, and found it proceeded from a low arch near the steps of the altar.

‘Let us hasten away,’ said ELINOR, terrified; ‘it is not as we supposed. Perhaps banditti harbour here.’

ST. LAURE would have complied, but a figure that he observed coming up to the arch made him draw his sword, and stand still. A monk only, with a small lanthorn, arose out of the cavity, and gently putting away the sword with his hand, said, "Whence this outrage on an old and helpless wretch?"

ST. LAURE felt awed by the mild dignity of his manner, and bowing, attempted an apology; while ELINOR, in the pale and disordered countenance of the monk, recognized the features of ANSELMO. At the same instant he recollected her, and said, "Dost thou too join to injure me by suspicions?"

He paused, and then, with a wild air, added, "Follow me, and I will shew thee a lesson of humility, in the treasure I come thus nightly to visit."

His words, and the tremulous tone in which he uttered them, interested ST.

LAURE,

LAURE, who, desirous of knowing what could induce the monk to visit this desolate place, almost forced ELINOR (who tried to disengage her hand) to follow him down a few steps into a close vault. Coming at last to a spot where one or two of the flag-stones were removed, but never replaced, and in their stead was a mound of earth, he stopped abruptly; and in a voice scarcely audible, pronounced, “ Be-
 “ hold this little heap of clay! Beneath it
 “ youth, beauty, and virtue, lie entombed!
 “ One only error stained her life; for
 “ which her sufferings atoned!—Now her
 “ pure soul reposes with her Maker: whilst
 “ this unhallowed mound covers her mor-
 “ tal part! And this only would her
 “ murderer afford her ashes.”

He was silent; his eyes raised to Heaven, and his arms folded; then looking on the earth, he said, in a voice more feeble than before, “ Here lies CLARA! And here

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“ too lies my heart! Even at times, my
 “ reason seems to have forsaken me, and
 “ sought the grave, in which she, who
 “ only made life supportable to me—
 “ Oh! CLARA! CLARA!”

He flung himself on the pavement, and deep groans burst from his agonized bosom. ELINOR knelt beside the miserable ANSELMO, and bending over him, attempted consolation with the soothing eloquence of pity.

‘ Look not in despair,’ she added, ‘ to
 ‘ the grave of her you loved; but raise
 ‘ your eyes in hope to the heaven whither
 ‘ she is gone before you! There shall you
 ‘ in time (your pilgrimage past) rejoin her,
 ‘ and forget that ye ever were separated.’

ANSELMO felt the force of her words; he raised himself on one knee, and while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks,
 “ Oh!” said he, “ surely my sorrows
 “ have ascended to the thorne of mercy,
 “ and

“and the Almighty has sent an angel to
 “footh them to peace! Many, many re-
 “volving years have seen me prostrate
 “nightly on this grave, watering it with
 “my tears, and making this place echo
 “with my groans; but never here has
 “pity reached me, till thou hast bestowed
 “it! And if the prayers of the afflicted
 “can avail thee aught——”

He paused, and then added with anima-
 tion, “Yes, CLARA! I shall, I feel, re-
 “join thee!”

He now rose entirely, and carried the
 lantern before them out of the ruins;
 they there bad him good night, and while
 he returned to pray and weep by the grave
 of CLARA, ELINOR and ST. LAURE by
 the light of the stars returned home. They
 spoke of the monk; and ELINOR men-
 tioned when she had first seen him, with
 his strange behaviour at that time; as she
 also did the picture and the papers she
 o 5 had

had found in the cabinet, with her surmises respecting them; which naturally led to a relation of the sad story she had heard from OLIVIA DE RIVIERA, in regard to her own family. ST. LAURE, who had listened attentively, then said, ‘ To me there seems
 ‘ something inexplicable in all this. I believe that the person whom this monk
 ‘ laments, was the writer of the papers you mention: but that she was the
 ‘ Baroness DE RONÇAN is rather more
 ‘ doubtful. As to the picture, if it be, as I
 ‘ imagine, the resemblance of ANSELMO, its likeness to that of RIVIERA must be
 ‘ accidental, or *imaginary*. I am sorry
 ‘ that you destroyed the letters, (though I admire the motive of doing so) as they
 ‘ might very probably have given us some
 ‘ information. However, will you favour
 ‘ me with a sight of the remaining ones;
 ‘ and continue silent on this subject to every
 ‘ one till I have perused them.’

ELINOR

ELINOR promised she would, and as they were by this time in the hall, they went to join Madame LUSIGNAN.

At supper, LUSIGNAN said gaily to ST. LAURE, "You cannot conceive what an inundation of stories of hobgoblins have been poured in on me this evening, by the peasants, our honest, but simple neighbours. All the ghosts that ever haunted church-yards, or old castles, have been drawn up *in terrorem* before me, to convince me of the madness of residing here."

'Have you heard any,' enquired ST. LAURE, 'that concerned this chateau?'

"Oh, a thousand. I have been told of one spirit in particular, that several years back used to haunt the south turret; and was often seen of a starlight night, leaning on the battlement. Sometimes it would fly shrieking round the house in a flame of fire: but this appearance
" it

“ it seldom assumed, except when storms
 “ prevented its reposing on the battlement.
 “ But there was another ghost that be-
 “ haved itself in a much more orderly
 “ manner, for, except now and then howl-
 “ ing lamentably, it contented itself with
 “ walking to and fro before the windows
 “ of the apartments of the east gallery:
 “ this spirit has been laid five or six years.”

‘ It seems wonderful to me,’ said
 Madame, ‘ that the vulgar should find
 ‘ such pleasure in those tales.’

“ It doubtless proceeds,” returned ST.
 LAURE, “ from the desire we all feel,
 “ (and which is, I believe, inherent in our
 “ nature) of appearing wiser than those
 “ with whom we associate. In the eyes
 “ of the lower orders of mankind, this
 “ seems to consist in having seen more;
 “ and when they can shew their knowledge
 “ no other way, they have recourse to in-
 “ vention, or raising the spirits of the dead.

“ In

“ In weak and ignorant minds, stories of
 “ haunted houses easily gain credit. Even
 “ the composers of those tales, by seeing
 “ the effect they have on others, and con-
 “ stantly repeating them, at last believe
 “ them.”

‘ And to this,’ said LUSIGNAN, ‘ if
 ‘ there be added some accidental concur-
 ‘ rence of events in the mansion of the
 ‘ SEIGNEUR, no village girl will venture
 ‘ the length of herself in the dark, unless
 ‘ she be more than commonly pious, and
 ‘ can repeat Ave-Marie’s the whole way
 ‘ as she goes.’

“ Did the peasants,” enquired ST.
 LAURE, “ give any reason, for supposing
 “ the chateau was haunted?”

‘ Yes, the usual one,’ he replied, ‘ they
 ‘ told me, that it was once in the hands of
 ‘ a person who brought his wife hither.
 ‘ She was confined, and it was believed
 ‘ treated with cruelty. For which they
 ‘ account,

‘ account, by saying she was suspected of
 ‘ having intrigued. She died here, how-
 ‘ ever, and was buried at night in the
 ‘ neighbourig monastery. Some people
 ‘ pretend she was murdered, but no proof
 ‘ of it was ever received; and the day after
 ‘ the funeral, the family left the chateau.
 ‘ In a few years, those events derived some
 ‘ consequence from being partly forgot,
 ‘ and much being added to the fragments
 ‘ yet remembered, which produced num-
 ‘ berless apparitions; particularly in the
 ‘ east wing of the chateau, where this in-
 ‘ jured lady was confined.’

“ Unhappy sufferer!” said ELINOR,
 sighing.

‘ Why,’ said LUSIGNAN, ‘ in all likeli-
 ‘ hood, the whole story of her sufferings
 ‘ is a fiction.’

“ It wears, at least, the appearance of
 “ probability,” remarked ST. LAURE;
 fixing (as he spoke) his penetrating eyes
 on

on his host. The scrutiny seemed displeasing to him; the colour mounted to his cheeks, and instantly receded, while his countenance underwent a total change.

ST. LAURE, without noticing (though he saw) his confusion, arose, and his example being followed by the rest, they all retired to their respective apartments.

CHAP. XXI.

With madd'ning jealousy his bosom burn'd.

ELINOR, on going to her room, took from a drawer the picture and papers she had promised ST. LAURE, in order to make them into a little packet for him; but one that she had not before seen, attracting her attention, she sat down to read it. It was written in Italian, and proved the following

SONNET.

SONNET.

FAR from those scenes, that knew my happier
hours!

Far from those friends, that made them swiftly
glide!

Vainly invoke I Fancy's cheering powers:

Alas! to me, no joy can she impart!

Hope is not destin'd in my breast to bide;

Despair unrivall'd reigns within my heart.

Though lavish nature all her beauty spreads,

Of hill and valley, stream and forest vast;

Each lovely scene to sad ideas leads,

And proves their time of pleasing me is past.

When the mind loses that elastic spring,

Which cheer'd in sorrow—to a future day

Recurring still—though time on tardy wing

Few years has past; yet bliss is fled for aye!

These lines pleased ELINOR so much, that she attempted to translate them; but not understanding a word that she met with, she went into her dressing-room for an Italian dictionary. It was some minutes before she returned; and she then beheld a man standing by the table, (on which a light remained)

remained) attentively examining something he held in his hand. She shrieked, but wanted power to repeat it, when HENRY Chevalier DE ALLANVILLE turned towards her, and with a look of reproach, anguish, and disappointment, displayed the portrait of the youth which he had been contemplating; then dashing it from him as if its touch were contaminating, he moved to the door. He tried to open it; but overcome by his emotion, he was unable to turn the lock; but leaning his head against the door-case, his eyes rested mournfully on ELINOR, who, almost petrified, continued to gaze on him. Suddenly by a violent effort, conquering a weakness he thought unworthy of him, he was going; but ELINOR, losing, in the cruel ideas that crowded on her mind, her terror, her surprise, and indignation, sprung after him, and caught him by the arm, exclaiming, 'Hear me, HENRY!'

“Hear

“Hear you, ELINOR? Yes, tell me
“that my hapless attachment is forgotten
“—is despised.—

“Pardon me, Madam,” he added,
(stooping for the miniature, which with a
forced smile he presented to her) “This
“will plead my excuse for leaving you
“for ever.”

With an air of haughty disdain, he shook
her cold hand from his arm, and was de-
parting; while ELINOR, cut to the heart
by this scornful treatment, flung herself
into a chair, and wept bitterly. HENRY
paused: contending passions seemed for a
moment to rack his soul; but the next, he
was kneeling at the feet of ELINOR, and
pleading for pardon and pity.

‘No, Chevalier,’ she replied, resuming
all her fortitude; ‘you have taught me
‘how to act. Leave my chamber, sir, and
‘my presence for ever. As a friend, I
‘wished to have saved you from error! I

‘now

‘ now desire only to be left to the reward
 ‘ of that duty, which this last outrage
 ‘ makes more pleasing to me. Leave me,
 ‘ Monsieur DE ALLANVILLE, to requite the
 ‘ tenderness of one who will in future pro-
 ‘ tect me from insult.’

ELINOR was but a woman: her pride,
 as well as her love, was offended, and she
 thus took some pleasure in wounding
 HENRY, though the pain she inflicted on
 his bosom was doubly felt by her own.
 HENRY started from his knees; exclaiming
 with vehemence, “ Barbarous woman! Is
 “ it not enough, that another should have
 “ possessed himself of the heart to which I
 “ only have a right; but, must you exult-
 “ ingly tell me that he is beloved?—Ah!
 “ ELINOR!” he added, melting into a
 woman’s softness; “ There was a time,
 “ when HENRY DE ALLANVILLE was
 “ dear to you! There was a time——”
 ELINOR interrupted him, ‘ when he de-
 ‘ served

‘served to be dear to me. Now Chevalier!
 ‘—but leave me, sir.’

“ELINOR!” HENRY resumed, fixing his eyes earnestly on her, and with a solemn voice, “As you hope for happiness, tell me, I conjure you, are you not on the point of marriage?—Ah! this silence, those tears, convince me it is but too true! Farewell then, ELINOR! May you be blest; whatever becomes of one who truly and with fondness loved you!”

ELINOR could no longer combat the feelings that swelled her heart almost to bursting; or hear the tender adieu of HENRY, without wishing to recall him. She forgot the engagement she had herself formed with ST. LAURE, and extending her hand, ‘HENRY!’ cried she eagerly.

He returned: he saw in her blushing countenance all the softness of her soul, and was kissing her hand, when the door suddenly opened, and ST. LAURE, a light

in

in one hand, and his sword drawn in the other, appeared at it. Dropping the point of the sword, he stood mute and irresolute, while HENRY exclaiming, "DE JULIEN!" advanced towards him.

The situation of ELINOR (who had fainted from terror) prevented them from attending to any thing but her; but when she recovered, the Marquis DE JULIEN (ST. LAURE was a Christian name) addressing HENRY said, 'ALLANVILLE! I cannot believe you base; but you have much to account for. Be ingenuous, and you are still my friend! But do not deceive me.'

He took HENRY's arm to lead him away; but ELINOR catching hold of both, intreated them to spare her terror, and not to go thus hostilely. She conjured the Marquis to hear her, but in vain. He replied with determined coolness, 'Excuse me, Madam. This is no place for explanations,

‘ nations, such as I demand; but the remembrance of how dear you once were to me, will make me careful of your peace and honour.’

Saying these words, he left the room, accompanied by HENRY, whom astonishment kept silent.

Unable to detain or pursue them, ELINOR sunk into a chair, and gave a loose to the anguish that preyed on her heart. Then starting up in terror, she listened:—all was silent; soon she fancied she heard the clashing of swords.—Her sufferings now became intolerably acute: and the blast that howled through the solitary gallery, and baffled her attempts at listening, seemed to her like the knell of her devoted lover; she even fancied she heard groans in the pauses of the wind. Thus in suspense and torture ELINOR awaited the event.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.
